

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



TOM GRIGSON'S ADVICE.

## WITHOUT INTENDING IT;

OR, JOHN TINCROFT, BACHELOR AND BENEDICT.

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CHAPTER XXII.—TINCROFT SENDS HIMSELF TO SCHOOL.

LEAVING the stormy latitude of High Beech, we re-trace our steps to the classic shades of Oxford, where we find the undergraduate Tincroft, some three months after our last parting with him, again quietly ensconced in his rather dingy rooms at Queen's. The time

which had thus passed away had not been altogether unprofitably spent by him. He had, for one thing, put himself to school. It is said that a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client; and I have been told that when a doctor is seriously ill, he generally consults a brother Galen—whether or not it is because he has little faith in his own prescriptions I have no means of knowing. On a parity of reasoning, and on the same principle, it would seem that when a man sees occasion to put himself

to school, he should not be his own schoolmaster ; and yet it is not so. There is, of course, one Teacher of whom all ought to learn, and the neglect of whose instructions is infinite loss. But next to Divine instructions, it is also important that every man should school himself, listening to his own reason and conscience. And this John Tincroft had done.

First, as to his faint hopes of ever succeeding to the inheritance which he believed to be his, he was, kindly enough, but faithfully, recommended by his monitor to forget them. He was reminded of the law's proverbial delays, and especially of the wearying and wearing and disappointing perplexities of a chancery suit. He was told in this new school (for it was new to him) that even if he could and did obtain possession of the Tincroft estate, to which he thought he had a right, and which it now seemed possible would be his—say if he should live another fifty years—it would not be worth having. "Therefore," said the schoolmaster, "dismiss it from your mind altogether, and if it must be still battled about, let the lawyers do it."

And John said, "I will."

Next, "You have been shamefully neglecting your preparations for India these many weeks," quoth schoolmaster ; "you know you have."

John hung his head.

"Now, this won't do. You know, quite well, John, that you are not over bright. You have no genius ; you are *not* a genius."

"Not a bit of one," John readily acknowledged.

"You have not much talent, even."

John admitted this with a sorrowful shake of his head.

"But you have a little, perhaps, and you used what little you had with a proper amount of industry for a time. But now, what have you been doing since you came back from that harum-scarum—"

"Please, don't. Yes, yes, I know. What have I been doing? Nothing, nothing," John confessed dolefully.

"For which you ought to be ashamed," said the schoolmaster ; "but if you will set to at once, and make up for lost time, we shall get you through your examinations. And you know, John, that you can do nothing better than take that appointment. You won't get rich out there, I dare say. You haven't the talent for that sort of thing ; but then you will, at all events, be doing something for yourself ; and, in fact, it is the road plainly pointed out to you by circumstances, and you ought to walk in it."

"True, true," responded John.

"And not falteringly or imperfectly. Whatever your hand findeth to do, do it with all your might."

"I will, God helping me," John aspirated.

"The wisest thing I have heard you say yet, John," quoth the schoolmaster ; "keep to that, and you will do. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct your paths. And there's another matter in which you require that help. You know what I mean."

John again hung his head and blushed deep red.

"That folly, and worse than folly, of yours, down in the country."

"I was very foolish, very ; but was there anything worse than that in it?" John pondered.

"The thought of foolishness is sin," observed the schoolmaster, severely.

"God forgive me !" prayed John, penitently.

"He will if you ask him truly and sincerely. And he will help you too ; but you have something to do for yourself, in which you must ask this help. You must put away from you those vain thoughts, those captivating remembrances. You have no business to be thinking admiringly of any daughter of Eve just now : and of her (you know who I mean) least of all."

"True, true," John confessed.

"Well, then, what a blockhead you must be to go about dreaming and mooning as you have done since you got back to Oxford. Why, the other evening, when you went for that stroll round the Magdalen water-walk, you looked so distraught, and played such moon-struck antics, that a pair of undergraduates burst out in a merry laugh when you passed them."

"I heard them," John reflected.

"You must have done with this nonsense," the schoolmaster went on. "You have done mischief enough, down there, already, for anything we know : and the only wise thing you did was when you ran away from the place. Now you must abandon all that folly, and pray to be forgiven the sin there was in it, whether more or less."

"God helping me, I will," said John again, and the best thing he could do or say, it was.

These conferences and lectures went on from day to day, and from the time they commenced John Tincroft began to amend. I am not quite sure that his internal schoolmaster did not—or rather, I am quite of opinion that he did—receive some assistance from no less a personage than the good old stont Baptist lady at Jericho, who, having been brought into personal acquaintance with the veritable son of the dear little Josiah at Saddlebrook, desired to make his further acquaintance if the gownsman of Queen's would so far condescend as to notice one so far beneath him.

John did not profess to condescend, and he would not have known how to do it if he had tried. It was out of his line, he said, and so it was ; but his good-nature induced him to give ear to the request ; and the subsequent intercourse with the pleasant and not vulgar, though fat, proprietress of Rippon's Selection redounded to John's advantage, though, perhaps, he was not at the time conscious of it.

Not that he had anything further to learn about the signature, which had, by the promptitude of Mr. Roundhand, been duly and legally attested. That subject was altogether exhausted and done with, so far as John was concerned. Neither did good Mrs. Barry and John enter into any discussions respecting the differences which existed between their several and separate religious communities. Indeed, if the compilation of hymns just referred to had not so constantly laid on Mrs. Barry's table, as her favourite book next to the Bible, John would almost have forgotten all about his new friend being a Baptist. But the charm of the intercourse was that in the company of the motherly old lady John could forget his isolation and loneliness, and receive sympathy and kindly regard from one of the softer sex, without the possible intrusion of such wild, vagrant thoughts as those which had entranced, yet troubled him, at High Beech Farm.

And so, as we have said, three months passed away : the short vacation was over, and with the commencement of Lent term came up Tom Grigson, fresh from the field, and fit for the first week to talk of nothing else but horses, dogs, foxes, and hares.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

"By the way, Tincroft, I have been back a week or more, and you have never spoken a word nor asked a question about your old friends at High Beech. Where's your curiosity?"

"I have not thought much about them lately," said John, reddening rather; "the truth is—" he added, and then he stopped short with, "I suppose there is nothing new to tell."

"Isn't there, though? For one thing, it is all done and done for with Mark Wilson."

"I am sorry to hear it. Your brother carried out his threat, then?"

"No, not so bad as that. Brother Dick's bark is worse than his bite generally; and it was so in this case. I don't think, in any case, he would choose to sell up an old tenant, at least he never has done it. And as to Mark Wilson, the truth is he would have got very little by it, for the live and dead stock, crops and implements altogether, if sold, wouldn't much more than have paid expenses. No, he didn't sell him up. But, the fact is, things had got so bad that a week or two before Christmas, Mark himself came and offered to put himself into Dick's hands, to do what he liked with him and his belongings."

"The most sensible thing he could do under the circumstances, I suppose," said John. "And what followed?"

"Why, Richard offered to forgive him his rent—the rector did the same about his tithes—and to let him remain for a time in the house, which isn't much of a place, you know, and to keep his household furniture, which isn't any better, if he would give up possession of the farm at once, which he was glad enough to do."

"Who has the farm, then?"

"Oh, Matthew Wilson, of course, Mark's brother. He has had half a promise of it a good while, supposing Mark should have to leave; and it was only fair that Matthew should get it, if he can make anything out of it, for, by all accounts, he has lost a good bit of money by that sottish brother of his."

"Ah!" ejaculated John, mentally, "to be sure. I heard something of this that evening of the picnic." He did not say this, however, but substituted for it, "And what will the poor man do now he has no farm to attend to?"

"Not to attend to, you mean. Well, his brother has promised to employ him on the farm, if the stupid fellow will work; and, at any rate, to take some care of Mrs. Mark and the daughter. But it will be hard lines with them all, for Matthew Wilson is rather a sharp hand, and there isn't much love lost between any of them, I expect."

"A good thing for Miss Sarah that she is engaged to be married. I am glad to think that *she* will escape from this state of pauperism, at all events," said John, thoughtfully.

"Ah, but there's something else I have to tell you, Tincroft. That affair is all broken off. She and her cousin have had a quarrel, and there is an end to that connection."

"Do you really mean that, Grigson?" demanded John, visibly startled.

"I do mean it; and I reckon that's why Matthew is more willing than he would have been to lend the wife and Sarah a helping hand. Depend on it, he would have had nothing to say to them if Walter Wilson had gone on with his courtship."

"But—but I don't understand it at all. There was nothing amiss, was there, when I came away?"

"No, I suppose not; but a month or two ago, it must have been, the young fellow came post haste, and quite unexpectedly, from the north, where he has been the last two years, and had a desperate quarrel with the girl—You haven't heard about it before, I suppose, Tincroft?" said Tom, interrupting himself, and looking keenly into his friend's face.

"Of course not, Grigson. How should I have known anything on the subject?" John wished to be told, wincing a little beneath Tom's inquisitive look.

"Ah, well, I don't know, I am sure; but I am glad you have not heard of it before from any other quarter, for the truth is—I am rather loth to mention it, but the truth is (it all came out afterwards through Rubric, who told Dick all about it, and Dick told me) that you, John—there, don't be alarmed, dear fellow," for John began to show lively signs of astonishment—"that you had something to do with the quarrel."

And then, by cautious degrees, and tenderly (for Tom Grigson was a true-hearted friend) came out the whole story, much as I have told it. "But don't take it to heart, Tincroft," added the good fellow; "Dick and I both thought it right you should know what has been talked about. But of course it is no fault of yours. If the poor girl has been silly, or her father stupid, or that Walter Wilson outrageously and madly jealous, you can't help it, you know. So think no more about it; I shouldn't if I were you."

"How can I help it?" asked John, sadly; "for it is my fault—it is all my fault. I see it now. But I must know more about it, Tom, if I can. The poor girl—poor Sarah—how does she take it?"

"Why, she is sadly enough, by all accounts. But no wonder, you see, considering the trouble that has fallen on the whole of them."

"And, Tom—tell me true, dear Tom—don't you think the young fellow, Walter Wilson, will come round again? Lovers' quarrels, you know, are said to be only the renewal, or revival, or something of the sort, of love. Not that I know anything about it; but don't you think he will come round again?" asked Tincroft.

"Why, how should I know?" responded Tom, laughing a little at John's earnestness. Then he added, "Nobody believes it will be or can be made up. The fact is (it may as well come out) young Wilson has been crammed with so many stories, and is consequently so sure that you did make love to Mark's daughter, and that she encouraged you, on the principle of having two strings to a bow (in this affair I should say two beaux to her string), that he is determined never to speak to her again. At least, this is what I have heard."

"But, Tom, you don't believe what they say about me and Sarah Wilson, do you?" John Tincroft asked, piteously.

"No, of course I don't, my good fellow, and Richard doesn't believe it either. Why, you don't think we believe it, do you?"

"No, not if you say so, Tom. But I am so bewildered with your news that I don't know what to think;" and John pressed his two hands against his forehead. "To think that the poor thing should be suffering through my fault!" he added.

"I don't see much fault in it, Tincroft," argued

Tom Grigson. "Of course, if you had never seen Miss Wilson this could not have happened. And if you hadn't gone up to her father's house so often it might not have happened."

"True, true, true," groaned John.

"But as what can't be cured must be endured, we had better drop the subject, my boy."

"Ha! I'll think about it, that will be best," said John, dreamily, as was his wont when his mind was otherwise occupied than with the exact words he was speaking.

"I don't know about thinking, dear fellow. Thinking doesn't always do good. I have been thinking all day what a blockhead I have been not to tell Dick about that horribly long bill of Dry's; but I didn't tell him, and I don't like to write directly after coming up. So I have made up my mind not to think about it all this term. I recommend the same to you. You'll forget it all the sooner through not thinking about it."

"But not thinking about Dry's bill won't pay it, Tom, will it?" asked Tincroft, gravely.

"No, that's the worst of it," laughed Grigson; "so I shall be obliged to think about it some day, whether I like it or not."

"Ah! just so!" said John; and then the friends separated.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—PRACTICAL RESULT OF JOHN TINCROFT'S SCHOOLING.

JOHN did think about it. He passed an almost sleepless night in troubled thoughts; and the next morning after chapel, drawing his friend Grigson aside, he proposed a walk round the Magdalen Water-walk.

"Very good, John, it will give us an appetite for breakfast."

"Grigson," said John, after they had gone round and round the walk, almost in silence, and they were returning into the High Street through the cloisters, "I am off by the 'Tally-ho' to-day. Can I do anything for you at the Manor House?"

"The Manor House! 'Tally-ho!' What is the meaning of this sudden freak, Tincroft?" his friend naturally enough asked.

"Ah! I don't wonder at your wondering. Look here, Tom. I have been thinking all night of what you told me yesterday, and though I know very well that I am a blockhead, and you know it too—"

"I know nothing of the sort. You are one of the best fellows I know. You have kept me out of a world of mischief here, and if you are not up to some things that some of us know too much of, you are none the worse for that."

"Well, blockhead or not, Grigson, I have made up my mind not to be a knave."

"Ho! ho! sets the wind in that quarter?" thought Tom, within himself; and then he said, rather sharply, "You don't mean to finish up by marrying that girl yourself, after all, do you?"

"No," said John, mildly. "I don't wonder at your thinking so, of course. But that isn't my meaning. For all that, I have done her great wrong, not wilfully, not wickedly, I hope not, at least not intentionally, only as there is sin in most folly, and if not sin there is harm. Yes, I have harmed the poor girl," continued John, sadly. "I see it all now, and I must undo it if I can."

"If I can understand what you are aiming at, may I be carbonadoed, dear fellow," rejoined Tom.

"I'll explain my meaning, if I can. You see, don't you? that by going so often as I did to High Beech Farm I laid myself open to suspicion."

"Well, if you come to that, of course the idea was that you were smitten. I know more about that sort of thing than I did then, for I know, before I came up, there was no road so pleasant to me as the road to the Mumbles. An abominable road it is, to be sure, but then there was a Kate at the end of it; and so I made a point of riding out there every day, almost."

"A gate?" said John, whose mind, occupied with one idea, could with difficulty take in another.

"A gate! No, no, a Kate,—Kate Elliston."

"I see; I see! My dear fellow, I wish you joy and success. But, as I was saying, I did lay myself open to suspicion. And I was warned about it. Your brother warned me; and so did Mr. Rubrie; and, at the time, I am afraid I was more vexed than pleased with their kind intentions. But that does not matter,—my being suspected. The worst of it was, the poor girl came to be suspected too. And then, it seems, stories have been told about her, and she has lost a husband that was to be; and all through me. You said as much as this last night, Tom."

"Did I? I don't know that I did, Tincroft."

"Oh; but you did. And now, the least I can do, and the only thing I can do, as an honourable man, is to try and make things straight again between young Wilson and his poor cousin."

"You'll be a clever fellow to do that, John," observed his friend, thoughtfully, and inwardly quoting a couplet he had somewhere met with in his reading,—

"Who now to sense, and now to nonsense leaning,  
Means not, but blunders round about his 'meaning.'"

"And how in the world will you set about it?" he asked.

"Ah! there I want your advice, Tom. I don't think it will do for me to go to the farm. There would be more suspicions then, I suppose."

"Yes, decidedly, I should say. No, I wouldn't go to the farm if I were you."

"I am glad you think as I do about that," rejoined John Tincroft, beamingly. "For, to tell you the truth—may I, Tom? I know I may, though, and that you won't betray me."

"Not I, John. Say on."

"Well"—and then he whispered in his friend's ear—"if things hadn't been as they were with me, and if Sarah Wilson had been free, I should have been proud to make her my wife; but under all the circumstances of the case, it wasn't to be dreamt of for a moment. I didn't think so much about it then as I ought to have done. And I ought to have kept away on that very account. But I have seen my terrible mistake since, and must do my best to remedy it."

"Whew," whistled Tom. "You want to put yourself out of temptation, then?"

"No, the temptation is past and gone, I hope. At least, I know I have striven and prayed against it. No, it is not of myself I am thinking, but of her. And it strikes me—doesn't it you?—that if I were to go and see your brother and Mr. Rubrie, and tell them honestly that all the fault was mine, and that the poor girl was as innocent of anything like flirting as any modest girl could be—don't you

think they would believe me, and try to set matters straight again?"

"They would believe you, of course, John, as readily and strongly as I do. But as to setting matters straight—well, I think it likely they would try. I know they feel a good deal for—well, say for Walter Wilson, and I dare say they will for his cousin when things are put before them in the way you have put them now."

"Thank you, Tom; I should not care undergoing any mortification."

"Oh, no occasion for mortification that I can see," said Tom Grigson, cheerily. "There's no mortification in doing what is right, I think; and you are right in this, old fellow."

"Thank you heartily, Tom," said John, warmly. "Then we'll turn back, and I'll take my place for the 'Tally-ho,' and then go and pack up a few things for the journey."

"But, I say John," said his friend, presently, as they were emerging into the High Street, "suppose things shouldn't turn out as you wish to make them, what then?"

"I would rather not think about it," quoth John. "But now, can I do anything for you with Mr. Richard about that bill of Dry's?"

"Thank you, John; no, I think not; I fancy you have as much on your hands already as you can well manage," replied Tom Grigson, with a merry laugh. And then presently they reached Queen's, and each went to his own rooms.

"As good a fellow as ever lived, and as honourable a man as ever breathed; and his honour will undo him. If he doesn't marry S. Wilson after all, I'll be—carbonadoed. There! Shall I go after him, and tell him so? No, I don't think I will."

## THE MICROSCOPE IN THE CITY.

VERY various are the recreations of the young men engaged in great wholesale and retail houses of business. Concerts, lectures, recitations, and other rational and enjoyable evenings have long been familiar, but till recently we did not know of an entertainment of a more novel and remarkable kind. An invitation to the annual *soirée* of the "Old Change Microscopical Society" revealed an unexpected scene, which would have delighted all advocates for the diffusion of useful and entertaining knowledge. The society, we were informed, consists entirely of *employés* in one city house—that of Messrs. Leaf, Sons, and Co., warehousemen, in Old Change.

We find our way to Cannon Street on a rainy February night and enter the brilliantly lighted hall of the City Terminus Hotel. Amid the dazzling decorations and a cheerful throng of visitors, we discern a series of oblong tables, ranging from one end of the spacious room to the other. On these tables are rows of microscopes, nearly all of them double-barrelled (binocular). Each instrument has its own lamp by its side, and is adjusted to a prepared specimen which is placed below it for examination. Each is also in charge of an exhibitor—one of the members of the society—who is ready to answer the inquiries of the visitor, or alter the focus of the instrument. Delighted guests—many of

them sisters, mothers, and friends of the exhibitors—are peering down the wondrous tubes.

What do they see? Well, it would be impossible here to name all the objects. The remotest regions of the three kingdoms of Nature have been laid under contribution. Here are some minute and beautiful shells, dredged up by Dr. Carpenter from a sea-bottom 15,000 feet in depth. The next table shows us specimens of pond-life. We see strange and wonderfully-constructed creatures, part vegetable and part animal, disporting themselves alive before us. Some of these zoophytes have been fed with carmine, the better to exhibit their transparent bodies. Visitors are astonished to learn that these marvellous creatures are the common denizens of our ponds around London, and that, in view of their exhibition, most of them were procured on Saturday afternoon last at Hampstead Heath, Rainham Marshes, and Victoria Docks. Then the phenomenon of vegetable circulation is shown in the beautiful and celebrated water-plant *Fallisneria spiralis*—one of the most delightful spectacles the microscope affords. Next is a flake of coal—common house coal—laboriously filed and ground down with sand-paper and plate glass until it has become as thin and transparent as a sheet of note-paper. Through the microscope we can plainly see the vegetable spores and spore-cases (lying closely packed together) of which the coal is mainly composed. Here is a live frog, with its foot spread out to show the circulation of the blood. The room has now become hot, and the creature is the subject of commiseration from some lady visitors; but the exhibitor explains that the frog has been sent comfortably to sleep for a fortnight by means of a suitable soporific, and is all unconscious of his sympathisers. Next are more zoophytes—but we should speedily fill our space with references to such books as "Pritchard's Infusoria" and the "Micrographical Dictionary" did we try to do justice to this varied and wonderful exhibition of an amateur microscopical society.

No less than sixty of the microscopes we saw before us at this remarkable *soirée* belonged to the members of the society alone—that is, to the young men of Messrs. Leaf's establishment. It seemed incredible, until we verified the fact for ourselves. These exhibitors, whose lives might seem to be devoted to the microscope, are actually hard at work all day in one of the largest and busiest of the City houses. Microscopy is simply their evening recreation. "Occupied as are all of us during the day" (says the president of the society, Mr. Charles J. Leaf) "in an almost unceasing round of duties which command our attention, and frequently of anxieties and grave responsibilities, which harass our thoughts, it is of incalculable advantage that when these duties are over we should provide ourselves with some attractive and elevating pursuit, which can be carried on by our own fireside and shared in by those around it."

The Old Change Microscopical Society is indeed an admirable feature of that movement for retrenching the unnecessary hours of business, in which Messrs. Leaf and Co. have taken an honourable part. To many young men the mere scientific study might have at first little attraction, but where the philosophers are surrounded by cheerful groups of fair visitors, it would be difficult to name a more pleasant evening in the City than this exhibition of the sixty microscopes.

## THE MARVELS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

FOR years marvellous tales have been rife among the hunters and mountaineers of the Far West, about a mysterious country in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, some three hundred miles south from the line of the British possessions. This region comprises within its limits the sources of the Columbia, whose waters flow westward toward the Pacific, and those of the Yellowstone—a large stream which, after trending eastward for several hundred miles, joins the mighty Missouri in its course to the Mexican Gulf. It was asserted that the course of the upper Yellowstone was broken by cataracts surpassing that of Niagara; that it flowed in one place through a cañon, or gorge, whose vertical sides measured more than a mile in depth; that on the shores of the Yellowstone lake were scattered the remains of idols, war-clubs, and utensils of an extinct race; and that the country abounded in hot-water geysers and mud volcanoes, surpassing all others hitherto known in height and volume. It was further added, that the Indians looked upon the mysterious country as the abode of evil spirits, and rarely, if ever, ventured to invade the solitudes of their haunts. To verify these loose rumours, a party of gentlemen, citizens of Montana, determined last autumn to attempt an exploration of the upper Yellowstone River, and solve the mystery. An account of the expedition has lately appeared in an American journal, from which it appears that rumour had in this instance but little exaggerated the savage grandeur of the scenery, which the author, one of the explorers, describes in a most graphic manner.

The nine gentlemen comprising the party were well mounted, and armed each with a needle-gun, revolver, and hunting-knife; a small packtrain loaded with flour, bacon, coffee, and sugar, in charge of two Mexican packers, following them, and completing their outfit. General Hancock, the general commanding in chief of the district, had courteously acceded to their request for a company of cavalry by way of escort; but when they arrived at Fort Ellis, the starting-point of the exploration, the commander informed them that he could not possibly spare them more than five men, with which small addition to their strength they bade adieu to this outpost of civilisation, and plunged at once into the vast unknown which lay before them. Having learned at the fort that a band of Crow Indians had preceded them the day before up the valley of the Yellowstone, they organised their party in anticipation of possible trouble from this quarter, and elected H. D. Washburn, Surveyor-General of Montana, as their chief and commander. It was determined to make but one march each day, camping about three in the afternoon, to obviate the necessity of unpacking and cooking dinner. It was also agreed that a picket guard of two men should be detailed each night to guard the camp and horses. In the afternoon of the day following, their attention was drawn to a small band of mounted Indians riding along the foothills on the opposite side of the river, travelling in the same direction as themselves, and evidently watching them with keen interest. That night the camp was guarded with more than usual vigilance. A severe rain-storm prevailing during the night may have saved them from a visit of these prowlers.

After remaining for some time at the lower cañon

of the Yellowstone—a gorge of about a thousand feet in depth, with vertical sides, through which the river tears at a fearful rate—they crossed the mountains above the cañon, and again descended into a broad and open valley. Here a strange freak of nature attracted their attention. Two parallel vertical walls, projecting from the side of a mountain to the height of 125 feet, traversed the mountain from base to summit—a distance of 1,500 feet. The walls were about thirty feet wide, and their tops were crowned with a growth of pines. Here an entire mountain-side had been washed away by wind and water, leaving, as the evidence of their united action, these vertical projections, which, but for their gigantic proportions, might readily be mistaken for works of art. “In future years,” adds the author, “when the wonders of the Yellowstone are among fashionable resorts, there will be few attractions surpassing in interest this remarkable freak of the elements. For some reason, best known to himself, one of our companions gave to these rocks the name of the Devil’s Slide.”

Arriving at the mouth of Tower Creek, where it joins the Yellowstone, they were fairly within the precincts of the volcanic region, and where the wonders were supposed to begin. Here the *great cañon* commences, and extends to the foot of the *lower or great falls* of the Yellowstone, some forty or fifty miles, one of the most remarkable gorges in the world, equalling, if not surpassing, the famous one on the Colorado River. In its descent through this awful chasm, varying from a thousand to nearly five thousand feet in depth, the river falls almost three thousand feet. At one point, where the passage has been worn through a mountain range, the chasm was estimated to be a vertical mile in depth, through which the river, broken into rapids and cascades, appeared no wider than a ribbon.

“The brain reels as we gaze into this profound and solemn solitude. We shrink from the dizzy verge appalled, glad to feel the solid earth under our feet, and venture no more, except with forms extended and faces barely protruding over the edge of the precipice. The stillness is horrible. Down, down we see the river, attenuated to a thread, tossing its miniature waves, and dashing with puny strength the massive walls which imprison it. All access to its margin is denied, and the dark grey rocks hold it in dismal shadow. Even the voice of its waters cannot be heard. Obstructed by massive boulders and jutting points, it rushes madly on its solitary course deeper and deeper into the bowels of the rocky firmament. The solemn grandeur of the scene surpasses description.”

The lower part of the cañon, along the eastern bank of the Yellowstone, bore a striking resemblance to the Giant’s Causeway. It was composed of successive pillars of basalt, tier upon tier, separated by broad belts of cement and gravel. The columns, standing in close proximity, were quite regular in form, each about thirty feet high and from three to five feet in diameter.

The attrition of the stream for ages has worn the side of the chasm into the most odd and fantastic shapes. Some resemble towers, others the spires of churches, and others again shoot up lithe and slender

as eastern minarets, and these are "gaily painted by the waters of the numberless hot springs which ooze out from the fissures into a variety of tints and tones—white, red, purple, orange, etc.—fairly bewildering the eye with their dazzling variety of colour."

To avoid the slow and toilsome journey in following the sinuosities of the river, an advance party was sent forward to mark out a trail across the mountains in the direction of the "Great Falls," at the base of which the "great cañon" proper terminates. The party on their way ascended a lofty peak, ascertained by barometrical measurement to be 10,580 feet above the sea-level, which they named, in honour of their commander, Mount Washburn. From its summit, four hundred feet above perpetual snow, they were able to trace the course of the river to its source in the Yellowstone lake. Descending the mountain, they came to a small stream flowing into the Yellowstone, following which they crossed an immense bed of volcanic ashes, extending for several hundred yards on either side of the creek. Less than a mile beyond, they suddenly came upon a hideous-looking glen, filled with sulphurous vapour emitted by six or eight boiling springs of great size and activity. The entire surface of the earth was covered with encrusted sinter thrown from the springs, and jets of hot water were expelled from numberless natural orifices with which it was pierced.

"The springs themselves were as diabolical in appearance as the witches' cauldron in 'Macbeth,' and needed but the presence of Hecate and her weird sisters to realise that horrible creation of poetic fancy. To approach them was unsafe, the incrustation surrounding them bending in many places beneath our weight, and from the fracture thus created would ooze a sulphury slime of the consistency of mucilage. It was with great difficulty that we obtained specimens from the natural apertures with which the crust is filled—a feat which was accomplished by one of our party, who extended himself at full length upon that portion of the incrustation which yielded the least, but which was not sufficiently strong to bear him in an upright position, and at imminent risk of sinking into the horrible mixture, rolled over and over to the edge of the opening, and with the crust slowly bending and sinking beneath him, secured the coveted prize."

The party continued their journey for the next two days through a country broken up with innumerable ravines and masses of fallen timber, and made necessarily but slow progress, but near camping-time on the succeeding day they found themselves descending a mountain along the banks of a beautiful stream in the immediate vicinity of the great Falls of the Yellowstone. The stream, which they named Crystal Creek, just before its union with the river passed through a gloomy gorge, at the foot of which it breaks from a succession of rapids into a cascade of great beauty, which descends into a pool clear as amber, deep in the shadow of overarching rocks. After a second leap of more than eighty feet, it effects almost immediately its junction with the Yellowstone.

A more sublime scene than the Lower Cataract of the Yellowstone was never witnessed by mortal eyes. The river, from a width of 200 feet above the fall, is compressed by converging rocks to 150 feet, where it takes a plunge over a smooth level shelf, presenting the appearance of a vast green curtain veiled with glancing and dissolving foam-like festoons of lace. The height by measurement is 456 feet.

"A sheer, compact, solid, perpendicular sheet, faultless in all the elements of grandeur and beauty, it seems to be in perfect keeping with the stupendous character of the scenery surrounding it. The cañon, which commences at the upper fall, a half-mile above this cataract, is here at least a thousand feet in depth. Its vertical sides rise grey and dark above the fall to shelving summits, from which one can look down into the boiling spray-filled chasm, enlivened with rainbows, and glittering like a shower of diamonds. From the shelf overhanging the stream, 500 feet from the top of the cañon, and 180 feet above the verge of the cataract, a member of our party, lying prone upon the rock, let down a cord with a stone attached into the gulf, and measured its profoundest depths. The life and sound of the cataract contrast strangely with the sombre stillness of the cañon a mile below. There all was darkness, gloom, and shadow; here all was vivacity, gaiety, and delight. Seen through the cañon below the falls, the river for a mile or more is broken by rapids and cascades of great variety and beauty."

Between the lower and upper falls the cañon does not exceed from 200 to 300 feet in depth. The upper fall is entirely different from the lower, but in its peculiar way equally interesting. The stream, which above the falls is broken into frightful rapids, is narrowed between the rocks as it approaches the brink, and presently bounds through their stony jaws in a sheet of snowy foam over a precipice 115 feet high.

"What this cataract lacks in sublimity is more than compensated by picturesqueness. The rocks which overshadow it do not veil it from the open light. It is up among the pine foliage which crowns the adjacent hills, the grand features of a landscape unrivalled for beauties of vegetation as well as of rock and glen. The two confronting rocks overhanging the verge at the height of a hundred feet, could be readily united by a bridge, from which some of the grandest views of natural scenery in the world could be obtained. While just in front of and within roaching distance of the arrowy water, from a ledge projecting one-third of the way below the brink of the fall, all its nearest beauties and terrors may be caught at a glance."

Fascinated by the awful sublimity and beauty of the sights around them, the party lingered on the spot for several days, drinking in their fill of a scene than which the world contains perhaps no grander. At last they reluctantly turned their backs upon the glorious scene, and pursued their way up the river towards the lake. At some distance above the upper fall the rapids disappeared, and the river, expanding to a width of 400 feet, rolled peacefully between low verdant banks. They forded a creek strongly impregnated with alum, and three miles beyond they found themselves in the midst of volcanic wonders of great variety and profusion. The region was filled with hot springs and craters. Steaming vapour shot from the crevices of the incrustations around which large masses of pure crystallised sulphur had been deposited. Farther on they discovered a cavern, in whose mouth, about seven feet in diameter, a jet of sulphurous vapour exploded with regularly recurring report like a high-pressure engine. They also came upon a boiling alum spring, from the border of which they gathered a quantity of alum, nearly pure, but slightly impregnated with iron.

Continuing their journey, they shortly after entered another basin covered with the ancient deposit of some extinct crater, which contained about thirty springs of boiling clay.

"These unsightly cauldrons varied in size from two to ten feet in diameter, and the contents of most of them were of the consistency of thick paint, which they strongly resembled, some being yellow, others pink, and others dark browns. They were boiling at a fearful rate, much after the fashion of a hasty pudding in the last stages of completion. The bubbles, often two feet in height, would explode with a puff emitting at each time a villainous smell of sulphureted vapour."

The atmosphere was filled with sulphurous gases, discolouring their watches and other metallic articles, and the river was impregnated with the mineral bases of the adjacent springs.

Returning one evening to camp by a new route from an exploration of this volcanic basin, dull thundering sounds like the discharges of distant mortars broke upon their ears. The reports were found to proceed from a mud volcano on the slope of a hill densely timbered. Huge volumes of smoke shot high up into the air through a crater thirty feet in diameter. Each report, which occurred as often as every five seconds, could be distinctly heard half a mile off, and the massive jets of vapour which accompanied them burst forth like the smoke of burning gunpowder.

"This volcano, as is evident from the freshness of the vegetation and the particles of dried clay adhering to the topmost branches of the trees surrounding it, is evidently of very recent formation. Its first explosion must have been terrible. We saw limbs of trees 125 feet from the ground encased in clay, and found its scattered contents 200 feet from it."

Next morning they broke up their camp, forded the Yellowstone, and shaped their course for the great mountain lake, which is the source of the river.

Lake Yellowstone is a lonely but lovely inland sea, everywhere surrounded by "forests primeval," and nestled deep in the Rocky Mountains. It has been currently asserted by the mountaineers who have visited this watery solitude, that its waters run both to the Atlantic and the Pacific, but such is not the case; the summit of the main chain passes, however, within half a mile of its southern shore. Its shape resembled "a human hand with the fingers extended and spread apart as much as possible." The palm of the hand represents the main body of the lake, and the fingers and thumb the deep inlets, which, like Iceland fjords, indent the southern shore. Verdant islands dot its surface, and the beach of rock crystal sand, scintillating in the rays of the afternoon sun, formed a most appropriate setting to the solitary mountain mere.

Its height above the ocean was ascertained by actual measurement to be 8,337 feet. It is 25 miles long and 80 in circumference, and is possibly the mighty crater of an extinct volcano. It abounds with trout of unusual size and superior delicacy; a great variety of water-fowl dots its surface, and the surrounding forests teem with deer, elk, mountain sheep, and smaller game, while farther within the fastnesses of the mountains the chance of meeting a grizzly, or the formidable emiss, or mountain lion, is by no means a remote one.

On one point on the lake shore are scattered in great profusion curiously wrought objects of slate,

varying in size from "a gold dollar to a locomotive." There were cups, discs, pestles, resemblance to legs and feet, doubtless the joint productions of fire and water. In these fanciful configurations originate doubtless the tales current about the war-clubs and idols of an extinct race existing in the Yellowstone country.\*

On another part of the beach they found numerous specimens of cornelians, agates, and chalcedony.

Near the south-east end of the lake is the highest peak of the range. Two of the party ascended it. About two-thirds of the way up they were obliged to leave their horses and continue their ascent on foot. The altitude by barometrical observation was estimated at 11,163 feet.

"The grandeur and vast extent of view from this elevation beggars description. The lake and valley surrounding it lay seemingly at our feet, within jumping distance. Beyond them we saw with great distinctness the jets of the mud volcanoes and geysers. But beyond these, stretching away into a horizon of hazy mountains, was the entire Wind River range, revealing in the sunlight the dark recesses, gloomy cañons, stupendous precipices, and glancing pinnacles which everywhere dotted its jagged slopes. Lofty peaks shot up in gigantic spires from the main chain of the range, glittering in the sunbeams like solid crystal. The mountain on which we stood was the most westerly peak of a range which in long extended volume swept to the south-eastern horizon, exhibiting a continuous elevation more than thirty miles in width, its central line broken into countless knobs, glens, and defiles, all on the most colossal scale of grandeur and magnificence. The valley at the base of this range was dotted with small lakes, and cloven centrally by the river, which in the far distance we could see emerging from a cañon of immense dimensions, within the shadow of which two enormous jets of steam shot to an incredible height into the atmosphere."

This chain of mountains, the loftiest of the lateral ridges of the Rocky Mountains, is regarded by the Indians as the crest of the world, and among the Blackfeet there is a fable that he who attains its summit catches a view of the land of souls, and beholds the happy hunting-grounds spread out below where the spirits of the good Indians revel in the pursuit of their favourite pastime.

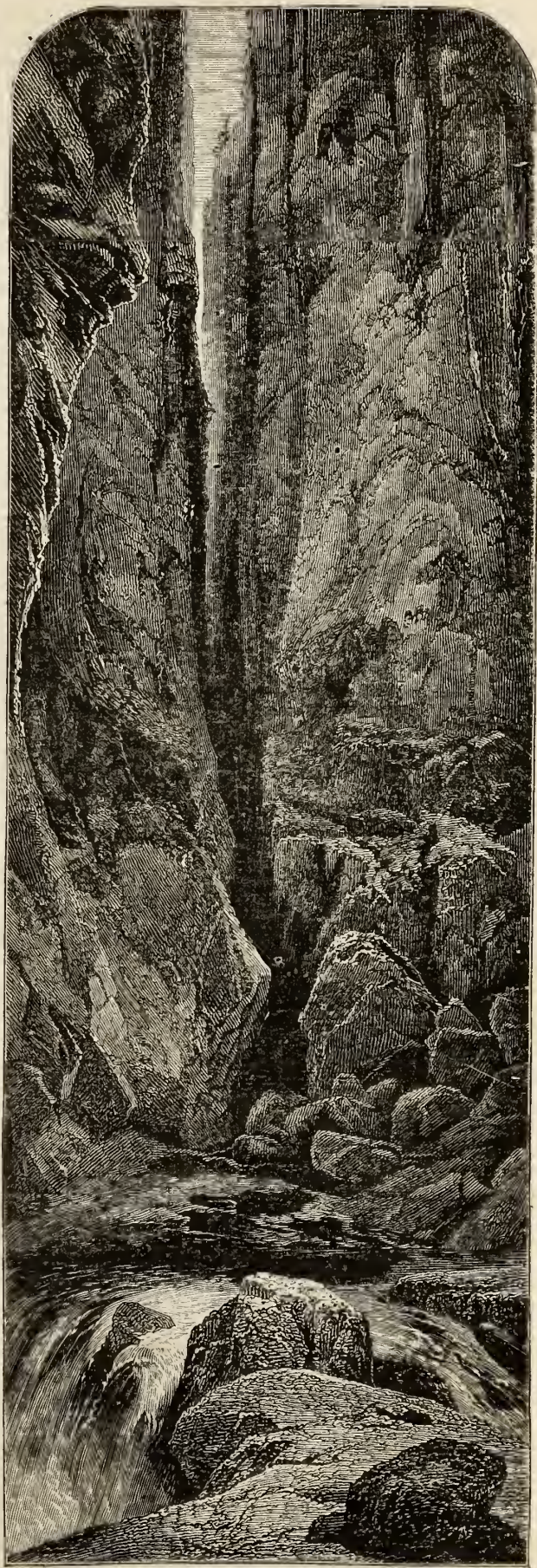
While struggling irregularly through the dense timber which covers the slopes of the main divide, one of the party, Mr. Everts, became separated from the others. Leaving his companions in pursuit of game, or for the purpose of viewing the country, was not an unusual occurrence, and consequently little was thought of Mr. Everts's absence. But when night came, their friend's disappearance began to excite grave apprehensions. To follow a track through a dense forest and over fallen timber would tax the perceptive faculties of an Indian, and Mr. Everts was quite near-sighted. Every endeavour was made to attract his attention by firing guns, and building fires on prominent points near the camp. Failing to find him, they changed their camp to the lake shore, and remained for more than a week searching for him in all directions.

\* This legend especially captivated the imagination of the writer when he was travelling near the Falls of the Missouri in the spring of 1866. Preliminary arrangements were made for organising an expedition to solve the mystery of the Yellowstone; but the plan was never carried out, the writer shortly afterwards meeting with an accident, which brought his journeying in the western wilderness to an abrupt close.—P. T.

The weather was now (September 13) getting cold, and the next two days snow fell to a depth of two feet. Conjectures as to the probable fate of their poor lost comrade were numberless but futile. He was well mounted; when lost he was without provisions, but had with him a good needle-gun and ammunition. "We clung to the hope that, failing to find us on the second day, he had started for the settlements; in which case he might possibly be beyond the reach of the snowstorm." They continued their unwearied efforts until almost out of provisions. Then, leaving three of their number behind still to look for him, the rest of the party commenced their journey homewards, surfeited with the wonders of the Yellowstone, and believing that the interesting part of their journey was over. But a last and final "wonder" was to be added to the strange experiences of our enterprising travellers. Selecting to follow the Madison River, one of the three forks of the Missouri, to the settlements, they discovered, on the west side of Fire Hole River, a branch of the Madison, a basin literally alive with geysers and steam jets, which in volume and height dwarf even the far-famed ones in Iceland into comparative insignificance. They remained for several days, and made a thorough exploration of this wonderful basin. The most prominent geysers were named Old Faithful, the Castle, the Giant, the Grotto, the Fantail, the Giantess, and the Beehive; they were all in full activity in an area of two miles in length and one in width.

Old Faithful was so called on account of its almost constant action. It did not intermit for more than an hour at any time during their stay. It had a vent five feet by three, and projected a solid column of water to a height of eighty or ninety feet. About the crater of the Castle was the largest cone of incrustations in the basin. The ground for a hundred yards sloped gradually up to the cone, which itself rose thirty feet nearly perpendicular. It was called the Castle on account of shape and commanding appearance. A piece knocked out of the side of the mound of the Giant afforded a look into the crater, which was shaped like a hollow cylinder, and six feet in diameter. It discharged a column of water equal to the size of its crater to a height of a hundred feet. The day of their arrival it was in nearly constant action for three hours, after which it did not again discharge. The Grotto was so called from its dome-like crater of vitrified sinter, full of large sinuous apertures. One of the company crawled through one of these holes and examined the orifice, but when an hour afterwards a volume of boiling water shot through it to a height of sixty feet, he concluded that he had narrowly escaped being summarily cooked. The Beehive was quite small, but threw its water higher than any of the other geysers. The stream was less than two feet in diameter, but ascended, by accurate measurement, to a height of 250 feet. The Fantail geyser was so named from the fact that it discharged two streams from its orifice which spread out very much like a fan.

But the most remarkable of all the boiling springs was the beautiful geyser which they appropriately named the Giantess. The ground sloped gently to the mouth of the crater, which did not protrude above the surface, as was the case with the other geysers in active operation.



THE GREAT YELLOWSTONE GORGE.

"When quiet, it was a clear, beautiful pool, caught in a subsilica urn with a hollow, bottomless stem, through which the steam came bubbling like the effervescence of champagne from the bottom of a long hollow-necked glass; the mouth of the vaso, represented by the surface, was twenty feet by thirty, and the neck, fifty feet below, was fifteen by ten. All at once it seemed seized with a terrible spasm, and rose with incredible rapidity, hardly affording us time to flee to a safe distance, when it burst from the orifice with terrific momentum, rising in a column the full size of this immense aperture to the height of sixty feet; and through and out of the apex of this aqueous mass five or six lesser jets were projected to the marvellous height of 250 feet. These lesser jets, so much higher than the main column, and shooting through it, doubtless proceed from auxiliary pipes leading into the principal orifice near the bottom, where the explosive force is greater. This grand eruption continued for twenty minutes, and was the most magnificent sight we had yet beheld. We were standing on the side of the geyser nearest the sun, the gleams of which filled the sparkling column of water and spray with myriads of rainbows, whose curves were constantly changing, dipping, and fluttering hither and thither, and disappearing only to be succeeded by others, again and again, amid the aqueous column, while the minute globules into which the spent jets were diffused when falling, sparkled like a shower of diamonds, and around every shadow which the denser clouds of vapour, interrupting the sun's rays, cast upon the column, could be seen a luminous circle radiant with all the colours of the prism, and resembling the halo of glory represented in paintings as encircling the head of divinity. All we had previously witnessed seemed tame in comparison with the perfect grandour and beauty of this display."

Five miles below the geyser basin, on the west side of Fire Hole River, they came upon four lakes of boiling water. The circumference of the largest was 450 paces. The immense volumes of steam ascending from them first called attention to their existence. So much hot water flowed from them that the river was tempered for several miles below. No fish were found in the Fire Hole River, though after its junction with the Madison they were quite plentiful.

On the 22nd September, just one month after leaving Fort Ellis, the adventurers reached Farloys, the frontier rancho on the Madison River, and felt, after such wonderful experiences, as may readily be supposed, a little strange to find themselves again within the pale of civilisation.\* By means of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which will probably be completed within the next three years, the wonders of the Yellowstone and the geyser basin will be rendered easy of access. Besides these lately discovered marvels, the enterprising tourist may visit and admire the kindred and hardly better known sights of the Falls of the Missouri, the fantastic eroded rock formations below Fort Benton, the

grand panorama of the three converging forks of the Missouri, and the stupendous architecture of the vast chains and spurs which traverse this *terra incognita*, and heightens the grandeur of its primeval solitude.

R. T.

### ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.

THE pronunciation of a language is always a subject of lively interest, or if we should say of *living* interest we might be nearer the mark. Languages fall under one or other of two categories, living and dead. Even the pronunciation of a dead language is not without interest, as we may see by the recent revival of discussion in the universities and elsewhere on our pronunciation of Latin and Greek. Mr. Gladstone, in his work on Homer, declares the English mode of pronouncing these two languages to be barbarous, and urgently needing reform. It obscures and almost destroys their harmony and dignity.

Of how much greater consequence, then, must be the uniformity, purity, and harmony of English pronunciation—a language both living and growing, every year counting many millions of new speakers, and which promises to become, if it is not already, the sovereign dialect of the world. French is receding, English is mightily advancing—a fact fully admitted by the late French statesman, Prevost Paradol, not without a previous comparison of numbers, and by him most eloquently deplored. But let us

"who speak the tongue which Shakespeare spoke,  
The faith and morals hold which Milton held,"

exult in the fact, believing as we do that our language, above all other living tongues, is freighted with blessings to mankind.

Our language is a great trust, to be jealously guarded by each succeeding generation—and in two respects: firstly, in regard to the purity of its use in speaking and writing, and next, in regard to the uniformity and sweetness of its pronunciation. It is to the latter object that we here confine ourselves.

Now some persons may think that sweetness or beauty of pronunciation is a fanciful or trivial object—that language is for use, and that so long as we are understood, every object worth thinking about is answered. But this is not true, either morally or physically. Who is not sensible of a refining influence, when he hears our language beautifully pronounced—that is, with sweet, just, and easy intonation—where the vowels are allowed to breathe their sweetness and emphasis, and are not crushed out of existence by the more masculine element of the consonants, thus rendering our sufficiently rugged language still more harsh. It has been a common rule or maxim to say "Take good care of the consonants, and the vowels may be left to take care of themselves." We have the high musical authority of Mr. Hullah for saying that a more false and pernicious rule was never delivered, or more destructive of the harmony and dignity of speech. The vowels are the *female* moiety of speech, and they require all the tender usage which their sex so rightfully claims. They breathe sweetness, frankness, and music into speech, and they ought not to be silenced.

But my more special object is to draw attention to our mode of pronouncing *certain words*, and to endeavour to ascertain the true principle which ought

\* From a late California paper I learn that the party on their arrival at the first settlement furnished two old mountaineers with six weeks' provisions, and offered a large reward if they succeeded in finding their lost comrade Mr. Everts, or should bring back his body. They found him, quite exhausted and nearly famished, about sixty miles from Bozeman. It seemed that his horse got away from him the day after he left the party. His gun was made fast to the saddle, and his revolver was in the holster, so that he had no means of providing himself with any food. During the snowstorm he built himself a shelter of pine-bough above a warm spring. For thirty-seven days he lived on roots, and two minnows he caught in his hat. It was a week before he recovered his strength. This gentleman's narrative of the thirty-seven days spent in this howling wilderness will furnish a chapter of human suffering and endurance unmatched in horror by any hitherto recorded of frontier exposure.—P. T.





THE GIANTESS GEYSER OF YELLOWSTONE.

to guide us, and to show that the principle generally relied on is a false one, and quite untenable by argument.

What is the principle generally, if not universally, supposed to be the true one in determining pronunciation? *To follow the spelling.*

Now this at the first blush appears very plausible, and the most likely way to produce both correctness and uniformity. It has become the fashion nowadays to pronounce certain words differently from the old usage, out of regard to the spelling. I will instance the word *evil*. Till quite recently this word was pronounced as if spelt *evle*. What church-goer does not call to mind the novel usage in the familiar words "deliver us from *evil*?" It has doubtless a very stiff and pedantic sound, but inquire the reason of this modern alteration, and you are met with, "It is so spelt, and of course it ought to be so pronounced." It has even come to be thought vulgar or old-fashioned to pronounce it otherwise, and we are now threatened with a slavish and pedantic adherence to spelling as the orthodox principle of pronunciation.

This may seem a small matter, but there is more in it than at first appears. We must first inquire, How came the spelling of words to be determined? The multitude seem to believe that words were first issued, like coins from the mint, with their visible form or spelling defined—that our only care ought to be to conform to the spelling and pronounce accordingly. They seem to imagine that words were not in circulation until their sound was fixed by spelling, and so fixed by authority. I acknowledge that they do not thus state the matter formally to themselves, but it is not less true that some such absurdity is dimly floating in the depths of their consciousness. Whereas the truth is that the *spoken* word preceded the *written* word by we know not how many years, and moreover that its spelling grew up we know not how, and assuredly was fixed by no authority, but has been exceedingly capricious, and amenable to no rule. The common question, "How do you do?" at once poses the unthinking literalist. Here the round *o* subsides into the narrow *u*. Moreover, the *you* is pronounced as if there was no *o* in it. We may ask, Why is *you* to be worse treated than *thou*? You see the literal rule breaks down at once.

If you demand the reason of this infringement of a cherished principle, you will be told of the uncouthness of the sound, and the difficulty for the vocal organs, if the spelling was followed in this instance. True, that is a sensible reason, but that reason ought to induce us to return to the old and natural way of calling "*evil*" as if spelt "*evle*," instead of bringing together two narrow sounds, *e* and *i*. The case of the vocal organs demands that a narrow sound should be followed by a broad one. Hence our fathers instinctively called it *evle*, like *axle*, without regarding the spelling, and to this pronunciation, if we are wise, we will return. It seems "stuff o' conscience" with many to duly give tongue to the *i* in *evil*; then why is it not also "stuff o' conscience" to sound the round *o* in "*son*," and not to call young Harry by the same name vocally as the luminary of day? It is folly and pedantry, and nothing else.

Let the question be referred to the common sense of any one to say whether it is rational to sacrifice the ease of the vocal organs to a dead mark on paper, which got there we know not how—for as long as memory runs back "*son*" has always been pronounced *sun*; but which having once got there is not

likely to be dispossessed; nor is it desirable, if we only regard it for what it is worth, and do not stupidly pay homage to it as if it was a law of nature. Is it not exquisitely absurd to pronounce the common form of salutation as we do, and then to stickle for pronouncing "*evil*" in the new mode, on the ground of the spelling, as if there was a sanctity about each letter which it would be sacrilege to disregard? and if so, how is it that we follow up "*How do you do?*" with that truly English formula, "What do you think of the *weather*?" pronouncing the last word as we do with no *a* in "*wether*" sheep? What in this case becomes of the majesty of the *a*, which, according to the silly purism now in vogue, ought to be sounded in "*weather*" as we sound it in "*wheat*?" But the *a* is rightly made quiescent, and for no other reason than the sufficient one that a better sound is thus produced.

And here we touch the principle of the whole matter. Which is the nobler thing, a dead mark on paper, or a living sound uttered by the vocal organs of man? Doubtless the living sound. Let us remember the "*word*" was spoken first, and afterwards written or printed. The spelling was intended to represent the *sound*, and not the *sound* to follow the spelling. Let us also remember that language was primarily given to us for speech, and only in a secondary and very subordinate sense for printing; nor let us forget that for one word written or printed, a million are spoken. Let us moreover bear in mind that the controversy between the *spoken* and the *printed* word is waged on quite unequal grounds. For while one form of spelling is as easily written or printed as another, it is far otherwise with the lungs and the vocal organs. The latter may be offended or distressed by one mode of utterance, while they would be soothed or gratified by another.

Take the word "*issue*." Who has not heard some clerical prig, when reading the prayer which asks for "a happy *issue* out of all their afflictions," insist upon hissing the double *s*, to the torture of our ears, but let us hope to the satisfaction of his own conscience? He will not call it "*issu*," as the generations hitherto have done, for where is the *h*? His tender conscience will not allow him either to add or to subtract a letter, so sacred is the spelling. Then why, oh man, dost thou ask for *shugar* over the breakfast-table? how durst thou interpose an *h* where there is no *h* in the spelling? why dost thou not ask for *sugar*? and how art thou justified in making nuto the final *a* in thy "*tea*"? Thou callest it *tee*, not as it is spelt, *tea*. To speak plainly, this purism is only a piece of pedantic foolery, to be abhorred by all sensible men and women. What would Shakespeare have said if he had heard his fine and deep declaration,—

"Spirits are not finely touched,  
But to fine issues,"

where the emphasis is so strongly laid upon "*issues*," marred and murdered by the silly sibilation of the double *s*, instead of interposing an unwritten *h* to avoid the annoyance?

But there are two little yet often-recurring words which seem selected as the Shibboleth of the new pedantic affectation—these are *him* and *her*. It has come to be thought by many vulgar not to sound the *h* in these words; yet why it should be vulgar to make the *h* quiescent in these instances, when nobody utters it in "*heir*" or "*hour*," it would puzzle any one to explain. What really ought to determine us

is the principle of euphony—which sounds best and is most pleasing to the ear is the only point. To sound the *h* in “hour,” jars upon the ear, therefore it is rightly left mute. To sound it in “heir,” as in saying “my heir,” or “your heir,” is also bad, though less distressing. Mr. Roebuck said that if any M.P., in addressing Parliament, were to say “the ’ouse,” he would not be listened to if he had the eloquence of an angel. But here the principle of euphony tells the other way. The strong pronunciation of the *h* in this word lifts “the House” to dignity, and, therefore, to say “the ’ouse” has a mean effect, and gives a bad opinion of the speaker.

But to return to “him” and “her.” Take the words, “I saw him.” According to the old usage, it was pronounced almost or entirely with the *h* mute, the sound flowing; but according to the new purism, in order to sound the *h* you must make a dead stop at *saw*—I saw him. Thus, instead of the continuous flowing sound, like one word, which falls smoothly from the lips, a conscious effort is required to make the pause, in order to draw breath for the utterance of the *h*. Again, take the words, “tell her,” in rapid talk we sound it thus, “tell ’er,” as one word and one flowing sound. Now how clumsy it is to stop at “tell,” in order that you may sound the *h* in “her.” That is a golden rule of Hamlet to speak

“Trippingly on the tongue,”

that is, flowingly instead of jerkingly, or, to use a musical phrase, to speak *legato*, not *staccato*. But “him” and “her,” pronounced in the new mode, are, in nine cases out of ten, vocal nuisances, stopping the current of speech, and requiring a conscious effort to pronounce the aspirate.

Let us not forget that the usual silence of the aspirate in these words does not forbid its strong accentuation when the sense demands it. Thus in the words of Othello:—

“She loved me for the daughters I had passed,  
And I loved her that she did pity them.”

There the *h* is energetically sounded, and the full force or emphasis given. It was a gross affectation in John Kemble to make two vocal syllables of “aches,” instead of pronouncing it *akes*, in the well-known line in “The Tempest”—

“For this be sure to-night thou shalt have aches,”

but it was not a whit more silly than the prevalent pedantry which insists on sounding the *h* when it would be better left mute.\*

In Italian, where the principle of euphony is carried out systematically, the aspirate is very sparingly used, and it has come to be omitted in writing. Thus “*homo*” is turned into “*uomo*,” and “*herba*” into “*erba*.”

Let us take another instance of a recent change for the worse in pronunciation. Time was when all classes called the town of Derby as if spelt Darby—all the high classes so call it still: it would be a sign of vulgarity to speak of Lord Derby, or “the Derby,” sounding the *e*. But why is this a change for the worse? Simply because Darby is a bright, open, beautiful sound, and Derby is a dull, dry one. That is an all-sufficient reason why we should sound it in the old fashion, and call the county Darbyshire—not Derbyshire.

\* We allow our contributor, long a clergyman in a cultured city in the West of England, to state freely his case. The reader must judge how far his criticisms are justifiable

It is amusing to observe this standing-out for the exact sound of each letter, when we still call the first two numerals thus:—“One” we call “*wun*,” and “two,” “*tu*,” in the first we change the *o* into *u*, and in the last silence the *w* altogether.

The Irish have a better and prettier way of calling “my” than we have; they call it *mě* short—thus “my portrait,” “my daughter,” is called by them “*mě* portrait,” “*mě* daughter”—the *e* short; whereas in our fashion we have the stiff, harsh sound of *mī*, which impedes the flow of sound, whereas in the short way of pronouncing it, one sound glides into another. At the Bar or in Parliament, who thinks of saying “*mī* lord,”—elongating the monosyllable? Then why stickle for it in other instances? Euphony is the sole true guide of pronunciation, for language is made to be spoken. Now speech is for *all*, writing is but for a few. The writers are but the thousands, the speakers are all mankind, every day and all day long. How apparent, then, is the absurdity of sacrificing the beauty of sound, together with the ease and comfort of the vocal organs, to certain traditional marks on paper, which the purists themselves are continually violating!

One instance more; I will take it from the name of this journal—the “Leisure Hour.” It is universally pronounced in proper disregard of the spelling, thus, the “*Lesshur-our*.” Observe the *i* is quiescent in the first syllable, and the *e* in the second. Moreover, we double the *s* and interpose an *h*. Here are four violations of the spelling. If pronounced as spelt we should call it thus, *leezoore*. This would be simply intolerable, and therefore we consult the ease of our vocal organs, and disregard certain dead marks on paper.

G. D. H.

## A MIDLAND TOUR.

### VII.

SOHO—CHANCE’S GLASS WORKS—OLDBURY—THE BLACK COUNTRY.

I now bade farewell to Birmingham, its 200 miles of streets, and 60,000 houses, and proceeded on my tour, taking “Burritt”\* as my guide. Scarcely had we left the Midland capital ere we entered the Black Country. Clouds of thick smoke pouring from tall chimneys, a general appearance of dinginess and dirt, and presently a kind of straggling waste with grimy red brick buildings all about it, vindicated its title to the name. On the outskirts of Birmingham we pass Soho, where once stood the famous establishment of Boulton and Watt,† so cele-

\* I allude to his “Black Country and its Green Border Land,” an excellent companion to the Midland tourist.

† The Soho Foundry, established in 1797, to furnish the castings which the parent establishment at Soho required, is still continued by the firm of James Watt and Co., and produces all kinds of engines for pumping water, blowing furnaces, driving machinery, and propelling steam-vessels. Marine and land boilers, mill gearing, sugar-mills, coining machinery, apparatus for pneumatic railways and for sewage works, are also largely supplied. The works cover an area of ten acres, and since 1775 have produced 1,878 steam-engines, having a nominal power of 70,958 horses, and equal to the actual force of 250,000 horses. These consisted of 319 pumping-engines, representing 13,800 horses; 1,000 rotative-engines, for manufacturing purposes, 25,936 horses; 469 marine-engines, equivalent to 31,169 horses. Of these, the largest were those of the ‘Great Eastern,’ to work the screw propeller, and having four cylinders of the united power of nearly 1,700 horses, but capable of an actual force of more than five times that amount. The early reputation of Soho has thus been not only maintained but extended, by the works which bore till recently the honoured name of ‘Boulton, Watt, and Co.,’ the name of Boulton being removed in 1848, after the death of M. R. Boulton, Esq., the firm now bearing the title of James Watt and Co.”—“Timmins’s Industrial History of Birmingham” (1865).

brated for its connection with many most ingenious, costly, and beautiful manufactures;\* but, above all, for that of the steam-engine. It was once, indeed, an establishment of the very highest national importance. Here "princely Boulton" assembled round him, and associated with him in his designs, many of the most eminent of his age, and linked for ever Watt's name with his own. Here are Muntz's Metal Sheathing Works, for the manufacture of that well-known alloy of copper and zinc ("one of the great prizes in the lottery of patents") which has superseded sheet copper in the protection of ships' bottoms. Here also are the works of Messrs. Tangye, where those remarkable lifts, presses, and other hydraulic machines are made, which are now so largely employed, and are found so useful in launching ships, pressing cotton and wool, punching and shearing metal, testing girders, chains, steam boilers, etc.; where also the differential pulley blocks are manufactured, which are recommended by Garibaldi for remounting artillery thrown down on the battle-field, and are used in the Cornish mines, on board our ironclads, etc., while they are also largely exported; and where, moreover, are made those wonderful "special" steam-pumps (with which the "Hercules" and "Monarch" have been supplied) which have neither fly-wheel, crank, governors, connecting-rod, nor eccentric, require no shafting, gearing, riggers, or belts, and work at any speed or pressure. Passing Smethwick, another scene of industry, where there are great alkali and soap works, and where the celebrated works long associated with the name of Fox and Henderson are situated, we presently come to Spon Lane, the equally celebrated glass works of Messrs. Chance, extending and rising storey upon storey over twenty-eight acres. We stop here, and by special permission are admitted to view them.

The visitor is first conducted to the place where the crucibles are made, in which the sand, soda, and lime—the three chief elements of the whole manufacture—are melted into glass. These crucibles are formed of Stonrbridge clay, which is thoroughly kneaded and built up, piece by piece, entirely by hand. The pots thus made are slowly and carefully dried, and, after months of baking, are ready for the stock-shop, where about four or five hundred are generally kept for use, each being worth about £5, and capable of holding some two tons of "metal." We next come to the glass-house. The great gas furnaces are glowing and roaring, and the workmen passing to and fro before them, thrusting in their long iron blowpipes, on which each gathers a lump of glass and blows it into a globe-like form, which is again and again heated, blown, and worked, till it assumes the shape of a disc or wheel, and is carried away to be annealed, cooled, and cut up into what is then "crown glass." At other furnaces sheet glass is being made. The manufacture of sheet glass on the continental principle was introduced into this country by Messrs. Chance in 1832, when they secured the valuable co-operation of M. Bontemps, at whose works near Paris they had seen it produced. A better kind of this glass, surpassing even the best foreign, was brought out by Messrs. Chance in 1838: the Crystal Palace was afterwards glazed with it, and it has now superseded "broad" or "spread" glass,

the manufacture of which has been abandoned. The sheet glass is blown by the workmen in cylinders, which they lengthen by swinging their rods to and fro, and check from excessive lengthening by reversing in the air, thus giving them the exact regulated size; the cylinder being then opened and expanded, is removed to another furnace, and finally carried off, flattened, and finished.\* A patent plate glass which has been recently introduced is obtained from sheet glass by a new process of grinding and polishing. Many other kinds of glass may also be seen, and we note especially the optical glass. In 1848 M. Bontemps joined Messrs. Chance in an attempt to improve and extend this manufacture. They ultimately succeeded in producing flint and crown discs of twenty-nine inches diameter (which were bought by the French Government for £1,000 each), and discs of twenty-six inches for other large telescopes. On the other hand, they make glass for microscopic uses from the 200th to the 300th of an inch in thickness. But the most remarkable and most interesting part of this gigantic establishment is the lighthouse branch, where those magnificent dioptric lights are made that have attracted so much notice in the International Exhibitions, the upper and lower portions of which are rings of prisms, while the centre is a series of refracting lenses; the whole being of brilliantly-polished glass. The manufacture of these is a wondrous spectacle. To this is devoted an area of nearly an acre and a half, a glass-house for casting, a steam-engine of forty-horse power, about forty newly-contrived machines for grinding with mathematical exactness and polishing the lenses and prisms of all forms; as many lathes, planing, and other machines in the fitting-shops, where lanterns, lamps, clockwork, and all metallic accessories are prepared; and, lastly, a staff of about a hundred workmen. Here Science and Art are indeed united! In the first shop great circular tables, on which the zones of glass are slowly ground and polished, whirl swiftly and incessantly round and round,—in the fitting shops, these zones are fixed into their frames of iron and gun-metal; and then we come to the erecting house where each optical apparatus is tried before being sent off. And "nothing," says Mr. Alan Stevenson, "can be more beautiful than an entire apparatus for a fixed light of the first order. It consists of a central belt of refractors, forming a hollow cylinder six feet in diameter and thirty inches high; below it are six triangular rings of glass ranged in a cylindrical form, and above, a crown of thirteen rings of glass, forming by their union a hollow cage composed of polished glass, ten feet high and six feet in diameter." A single lamp is placed in the focus of one of these, and a blaze of light is thrown seaward, which in some cases may be seen at a distance of thirty miles, either as a flash, with intervals of darkness, or as a constant beam. The weight of the unworked cast glass in a complete revolving light of the first order is about two and a quarter tons, and in a complete fixed light about two tons, assuming the prisms to be eighteen and eight in each light respectively. The value of a first-order fixed light with eighteen and eight prisms, with its accessories, is about £1,500; that of a first-order revolving light about £2,000. About a hundred and thirty sea-lights have been constructed by

\* We may add that the art of painting on glass was resuscitated at Solò by Eglinton, from whose hand came some of the most splendid stained glass in England.

\* By the rectangular shape of this glass, and still more by the absence of the bull's-eye, a great saving was effected. Panes could be obtained of the full size of the sheets blown, and the only limit to their dimensions was the strength of the workmen.

Messrs. Chance for the British Government and for foreign coasts, as well as a large number of harbour lights. Messrs. Chance presented us with a list of dioptric lights constructed by them since 1855, which gives the locality and description of apparatus for 360 of these lights, and includes the coasts of almost every country. Some of the most remarkable are the Whalesey Skerries' in the Shetland Isles, a revolving light, described as perhaps the most powerful in the world; the Lundy Island light, also revolving, distinguished by the late Royal Commission on Lights as visible at the greatest distance of all the reported lights at home and abroad; the fixed light at the Orme's Head in North Wales, and the fixed light at Europa Point, Gibraltar. The Wolf Rock Light-house, near the Land's End, and the Souter Point light, near Sunderland, are also fine recent specimens; the former is a first-class revolving apparatus, showing alternate red and white flashes of equal power; the latter, a revolving light, giving white flashes, and remarkable as having the electric spark instead of an oil flame. It was stated some few years ago that Messrs. Chance had lost more than £20,000 in the manufacture of dioptric lights, which they nevertheless continued to carry on from patriotic motives, and not without the hope of final advantage. They are the only manufacturers of these lights in the United Kingdom, and there are but three others in the world, these being M. Lepaute, M. Sautter, and MM. Barbier and Fenestre, all of Paris. Who can look on these noble instruments without thinking of the dark night and the tempestuous sea,—the ship approaching the coast, the doubt and the dismay which chill the hearts of her officers and crew,—and the splendid outbursting of these friendly lights to guide the mariners safely to the desired haven?

The visitor is finally led to the warehouses, and sees, in a whole mile of store-rooms, stacks of crown and sheet glass, masses of prisms, crates of coloured glass of varying hue. He learns, also, that eighteen hundred and fifty people—men, women, and children—are employed, and from seventy to eighty thousand tons of coal annually consumed in these works, which have been visited by many individuals of distinction in science, art, and literature, and persons of all ranks, from princes downward.

We have alluded to the workpeople. They are well and kindly cared for. A large library and a comfortable reading-room are provided for their recreation, and a surgeon is attached to the works for their aid in sickness. But, more than all, admirable schools, with playground and gymnasium, are established for their children, with day and evening schools for the workpeople of both sexes. We were told that there are about one hundred and fifty teetotallers employed in the works. Some of the workpeople are Frenchmen, the descendants perhaps of those who came to this country of old from Lorraine. Amid all the convulsions of their native land they have here a peaceful home, where they may not only quietly earn their own bread, but daily witness the triumphs of science and art, and see their children growing up in the love of the country that gave them birth,—of the generous employers who not only provide for the good of their workmen, but for the culture and happiness of their workmen's little ones,—and of those employers' countrymen, once regarded as natural enemies of France, but now acknowledged to be the very best friends she has in all the world!

"Glass," says Sebastian Evans, "is at once the Prometheus and the Proteus of fabrics." How strange that this most brilliant and beautiful substance should be so largely manufactured in the *Black Country*. It is also an odd coincidence that productions so full of ingenious contrivance and elaborate design should be manufactured by *Chance*!

Having spent an hour or two at Spon Lane, we pass on to Oldbury. And now we are indeed in the *Black Country*, amid iron and steel works (including the famous "Brades" and "Bromford" works, the former of which mines its own coal as well as the ore that it sends elsewhere to be smelted),—among locomotive engine works, too, and railway carriage works; edge tool, brick, drainage pipe, phosphorus, alkali, copper extracting, naphtha, benzine, carbolic acid, and other works. In the ten years from 1851 to 1861 the population increased from 5,114 to 15,615, and is now about 18,000; but Oldbury is sadly notorious for the neglect of all that is healthful.

The people of Oldbury are chiefly miners and workers in the manufactories. The miners number about 600 families, but as the mines are nearly all worked out, very few men get more than two or three "turns" a week, for which some have to walk four or five miles daily. Boys work in the coal-pits in the proportion of about one boy to three men. All the trades of the place are fluctuating, the people being sometimes kept on day and night, and sometimes having nothing to do. Respectable employment for females is very much wanted. Many girls go three or four miles to work in a large screw factory near Birmingham. Others find employment here in the railway carriage works, painting and polishing; in the chemical works, packing; and in the alkali works, sack-making and labelling. Some women are employed at the mouth of the coal-pits, and both women and girls work with boys in the brick-yards, and may be seen returning half-naked from their labour, their faces, arms, and legs thickly plastered with the clay, which the younger girls carry on their heads (round which a rolled cloth is worn like a turban), and the others dash into the moulds so roughly as to splash every one near all over. Burritt tells us it has been estimated that seventy-five out of every hundred persons employed in the *Black Country* brick-fields are females, and that probably two-thirds of these are girls from nine to twelve years of age. But, incredible as it may appear, children far below this age are said to have been employed in the brick-fields of Oldbury; we have even heard of one little girl of *four* assisting her sister of *seven* to carry clay. Happily this is no longer the case. On the 1st January, 1872 (blessed and memorable day!) the brick-fields were visited by the Government Inspector, under the authority of the recent Act of Parliament, and all children below the age of sixteen sent to their homes. And things are not half so bad as they once were, for no women are allowed to go down into the pits, nor any children under ten years of age. The Mines and Collieries Bill, thanks to Lord Shaftesbury, has forbidden all that. Sad, indeed, was the state of things of old. Who has not read of the horrors of the coal mines, incredible as they would be but that they are too well proved? It was common for women, and girls between youth and womanhood, to go below; while at seven or eight, at six, nay at five, and sometimes even at four years of age, little children, both male and female, were

taken regularly in the morning to the pit. They went down; the air was hot and heavy; often the water dripped, rained, poured incessantly upon them. They stayed fourteen or sixteen hours below. Sometimes the roadways in the mines were but a yard or so high, and along these they crept on all-fours in a state of partial or entire nudity, each wearing a girdle to which a chain was attached, whereby they dragged the coal to the pit's mouth. In the more roomy places they were crowded together like cattle. In many cases they were subject to the cruel treatment of drivers, who urged them on with heavy blows. And when their work was done, they returned from the pits to dwellings only a little less horrible. Things are bad enough now. But the worst is over, thank God. It is pleasant to find, even in this dark region, wild flowers that toll of beautiful nature beyond. Among the pit-mounds there are sometimes, at all events, buttercups and marigolds, primroses and pimpernels, and other favourites of youth. But far away as the children are from the sea, and from the banks of the clear-flowing rivers, the mossy brooks and pebbly rills, with only the black and sluggish streams of the barge-laden canals, or stagnant scummy pools, to tell them of the waters, and often with little even of sunshine, or starshine, or blue unclouded sky, with miserable grimy dwellings, and a life of hard toil awaiting them, how wo pity them! And here they live, amid

"the unwearied crash and roar  
Of iron powers, that urged by restless fire,  
Toil ceaseless day and night, yet never tire :

\* \* \* \* \*  
The mighty arm of mist, that shakes the shore  
Along the thronged canal, in ceaseless roar,  
Urging the heavy forge, the clanking mill,  
The rapid tilt."

Education is much more sought after for boys than for girls, but there is great need of compulsion here; there should be about 3,000 children at school, there are only about half that number of pupils. It is thought that the Church of England and Dissent divide the population almost equally between them; but fully half the working classes in Oldbury attend no place of worship. Most of them spend their Sundays in simple bodily rest; but a great many go off by train, or get into the public-houses; and dog-racing, pigeon-flying, and cock-fighting, with the reading of the Sunday paper, are the occupations of the Sabbath. And in general drinking habits are common. "Rum is the *cream* of the Black Country," and its curse. A bill met our eye as we passed through Oldbury which sufficiently indicated the attraction drink possesses for the people, informing the public that "A glass of fine home-brewed ale, wine, or spirit would be given away to all customers," at a certain boot-selling establishment.

Let us hope for improvement. Messrs. Chance have just commenced an annual flower show for their tenants at Oldbury, the first of which was held in the schools connected with their works. On the opening day, Mr. A. M. Chance observed that "the object of the firm was really to encourage habits of care, patience, and cleanliness in their work-people; for any one who tended plants with success in such a place as Oldbury would have to exercise those qualities in no ordinary degree." And flower-culture will scarcely agree with hard drinking.

## Varieties.

CHARLES DICKENS ON COPYRIGHT.—At the dinner given to Charles Dickens by the young men of Boston, in 1842, the subject of international copyright found expression in words that still remain unheeded. "There is one topic on which I am desirous to lay particular stress. It has, or should have, a strong interest for us all, since to its literature every country must look for one great means of refining and improving its people, and one great source of national pride and honour. You have in America great writers—great writers, who will live in all time, and are as familiar to our lips as household words. Deriving (which they all do in a greater or less degree, in their several walks) their inspiration from the stupendous country that gave them birth, they diffuse a better knowledge of it, and a higher love for it, over the civilised world. I take leave to say, in the presence of some of those gentlemen, that I hope the time is not far distant when they, in America, will receive of right some substantial profit and return in England from their labours; and when we, in England, shall receive some substantial profit and return in America from ours. Pray, do not misunderstand me. Securing to myself from day to day the means of an honourable subsistence, I would rather have the affectionate regard of my fellow-men than I would have heaps and mines of gold. But the two things do not seem to be incompatible. They cannot be, for nothing good is incompatible with justice. There must be an international arrangement in this respect: England has done her part; and I am confident that the time is not far distant when America will do hers. It becomes the character of a great country, firstly, because it is justice; secondly, because without it you never can have and keep a literature of your own."

Mrs. RYVES.—This extraordinary lady, who died on the 7th December last, was the heroine of the *cause célèbre* for many years constantly before the legal tribunals. The active figure of the "little old lady in black" was familiar in the neighbourhood of Haverstock Hill for a lengthened period. Until the moment of her death she retained full possession of her faculties. She was born on March 16, 1797. The father of Mrs. Ryves was John Thomas Serres, a celebrated painter and marine draughtsman to the Admiralty. The late Mr. Clarkson Stanfield was his great pupil. Her grandfather, Dominic Serres, was one of the first forty incorporated by the Act of George III as Royal Academicians, and Mrs. Ryves for years received an annuity from the Academy. The paintings of her father and grandfather may be seen at Windsor Castle, in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, and at Hampton Court Palace. Their family was of French extraction, and numbered an archbishop and a marquis among the members. Her mother was the celebrated Olive Wilmot, better known as claiming to be the Princess Olive of Cumberland, daughter of his Royal Highness Henry Frederick Duke of Cumberland, brother to George III. Mrs. Ryves was married to Anthony Thomas, son of Captain Thomas Ryves, of Ranston Hall, Dorset, and obtained a divorce in the Ecclesiastical Court. She leaves two sons and three daughters to lament her death.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE CONTRASTED.—The real difference between the two nations, the one essentially God-fearing and serious, the other God-denying and frivolous, was forcibly stated by the journal "La France," on the occasion of the public prayers offered for the Prince of Wales. The passage is historically valuable, and worthy of preservation:—"Political life is suspended in England. One sole anxiety absorbs all minds—the health of the Prince of Wales. An entire nation, which is still impressed with strong convictions, turns to God and partakes of the grief which afflicts its Sovereign, whose son is, perhaps, about to die. And yet the Prince of Wales appeared to be far from popular. He possessed neither the qualities nor the defects which old Albion admires or tolerates, and the English people were sometimes disinclined to regard in him the nominal master of their destinies, the future guardian of that Charter which is the basis of their liberties. But when death was threatening him the whole of Great Britain was at once excited. In its patriotic loyalty all errors and mistakes were forgotten, and nothing was remembered but the danger which threatened the Heir to the Crown. What a spectacle and what a lesson! The Prince of Wales is dying, and yet upon the other side of the Channel no one laughs, no one insults the high-placed personage struck down by sickness. The Princess of Wales quits the bedside of the dying man, not to seek necessary repose, but to hasten to the church to pray and to listen to prayers—and no one laughs. The Queen, whom calumny sought to wound but the other day, kneels with her

veil of widowhood beside the probable deathbed of her first-born—and no one laughs. The Council—Messrs. Bruce, Gladstone, Forster, the Lord President and Lord Chancellor, all whom England holds in highest esteem for talent, or position, or for age, which is also a dignity—address themselves to the Archbishop of Canterbury and call upon him to prepare ‘new forms of prayer to appeal to the Almighty on behalf of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.’ And the people, instead of mocking at this, rush to obtain copies of these prayers, and repeat them in their places of worship. Lutherans, Calvinists, Methodists, Anglicans, Catholics, Jews, all implore the Deity to prolong the days of the future Sovereign of England. This people has the courage, the good sense, not to disown either its history, its past, its Government, or its God, and yet it is a free people among all—who will dispute that? Such a spectacle affects us greatly, and we look around us with bitterness. In vain, alas! do we look for one of these powerful bonds of union upon which we might rely in a moment of trial, and which might unite a nation in a common sentiment. We have no greater faith in men than we have in God. There is disunion even in our churches. And yet we are always talking of our unity, and declaring that we are the envy of other nations on that account. Is not this one of our self-complacent illusions? Switzerland, the United States, and England, those three countries where the dignity of man is so well understood, retain respect for the governing principle; they accept public prayer and humble themselves; we in our disasters and misfortunes could think of nothing but mutual recrimination, and blush to address a prayer to God. Is that an advance? We may be allowed to doubt it. Faith has never derogated from man’s dignity, it has never rendered him less desirous of liberty. Who would dare to say that England had abused itself because it partakes of the grief which afflicts the family that governs it, because it obeys its natural chiefs who direct it to pray as it would obey them if they called upon it to fight and to sacrifice itself for the preservation of its old liberties? Since we are talking so much at present about reforming ourselves, let us begin by learning that affectionate respect for authority of which England is at this moment affording us so striking an example. And if the British Monarchy should appear to our Republican intolerance a bad model, let us look towards the American Republic. All who have visited the United States can affirm that the expression of sympathy with the rulers, a belief in God, and even the outward practice of religion, are not incompatible with Republican virtues. At New York and at New Orleans prayers were offered up for President Lincoln, as to-day prayers are offered up throughout the three kingdoms for the Prince of Wales. When shall we learn how to pray, all together, for any one?”

**DISCHARGED PRISONERS.**—The Discharged Prisoners’ Aid Society was founded in 1857, and up to the present time has assisted no less than 6,764 convicts, male and female. According to the last annual report, the number of fresh cases undertaken by the society from the 1st of June, 1870, to the 31st of May, 1871, was 472, being more than double the number undertaken during the preceding twelve months. The average number of discharged prisoners assisted by the society during the past year was, therefore, forty a month. The following are the particulars of the cases of men who have been assisted during the past twelve months. Obtained employment and are doing well in the metropolitan district, 169; sent to different places beyond the metropolitan district and placed under the supervision of the local police, 162; sent to relatives and friends living abroad, 36; obtained berths on board ship, 33; not yet employed, but under care of the society, 15; reported to the police for failing to notify change of address, required by Act of Parliament, 27; re-convicted, 17; unsatisfactory, 5; died, 3; total, 472.

**HERCULES AND THE HYDRA.**—Mr. Frank Buckland, writing in “Land and Water,” says:—“In September, 1863, there was a large living octopus at the Zoological Gardens, Regent’s Park. While making an experiment to see if this animal possessed any electric powers, an idea suddenly struck me that the hydra which Hercules killed was simply a huge octopus, or, as they call him at Folkestone, a ‘man-sucker.’ An author who wrote in 1658 thus described the hydra:—‘A monstrous dragon with whom Heracles strove, and as he struck off one head, or tentation, so two or three others rose continually in the room thereof.’ This is just what would happen if a man fought with an octopus, for when the conqueror cut off one arm or tentation—mark the word—the octopus would put out another, in its turn to be severed. My idea of Hercules’ hydra being an octopus was subsequently strengthened by the following letter which I received from the late Mr. Pentland:—

‘I have seen a letter from you in which you put forward the theory that the dread hydra which Hercules killed was a great “man-sucker.” I can fully confirm your view from an examination of several Roman terra-cottas in the Campagna and Vatican Museums, where the demigod is represented slaying an immense octopus, which is very correctly represented, although sometimes with more or fewer arms than in the great cephalopod. I think you might see representations of these ornamental tiles in Campagna’s work on the terra-cottas of his collection, which will be found in the library of the British Museum. The nearest representation of the living octopus is in the Gregorian Museum at the Vatican, where it forms one of a series of the labours of Hercules, and is probably of the time of the Antonines.’”

**POSTAGE FOR THE POOR.**—The incident which led Sir Rowland Hill to take up the subject of the penny postage is a little romance worthy of historical remembrance. Coleridge the poet, as his friend Miss Martineau relates, was one day walking in the English Lake country, when he saw the postman present a letter to a poor woman at her cottage door. The woman said she had no money to pay the postage, and she refused to accept the letter. The poet, however, advanced a shilling for the purpose. The letter was opened, and it was found to be a blank; not a word was written on the paper. The woman explained:—She had a brother residing at a distance, and they had made an agreement that he should occasionally send a blank sheet that his sister might know that he was alive and well. She had the power of refusing to accept the letter, and the Post Office authorities could not come upon the writer, for no name was given; the sheet, as I have said, was blank. Coleridge had often told this story, and at last it reached Rowland Hill. He saw the harshness, the cruelty of the case, and began inquiring and calculating, rousing and guiding the whole country, and melting away even official opposition.

**AMERICA IN 1833.**—Indeed ‘tis a most marvellous country! It stands unparalleled under every aspect in which it can be considered, and presents one of the most interesting and extraordinary subjects of contemplation that the eye of a politician or the more extensive gaze of a philosopher can scan. A land, peopled as this has been by the overflowings of all other lands; to the south, colonised by the adventurous but thrifty younger branches of noble families of England, and in great measure also by men whose vices and crimes, as well as their utter poverty, drove them to find shelter away from the society whose laws they had outraged; to the north, again, this new world owing its first civilised inhabitants to the purest and loftiest spirit of Freedom—the holiest and most steadfast spirit of Religion (emanating from England, too); and all having received their first dawn of civilisation from bodies of men differing from each other in object, in religious faith, in country, and lineage: a whole continent thus strangely reclaimed from utter savageness, and in the process of a century and a half becoming, from a desolate and utter wilderness, a great political existence, taking a firm and honourable station among the powers of the world. A land abounding in cultivation, civilisation, and populous towns, full of wealth, of business, of importance; vast ports receiving the flags of every nation under heaven; to see huge ocean steamboats carrying hundreds of people to and fro every hour along the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, whose waters a hundred years ago were never visited but by the Indian canoe; to see forests felled, and towns arising, railways and canals traversing and connecting what were wild tracts of interminable wood and waste; to see life, and all its wonderful arts and sciences, reclaiming these vast solitudes to the uses of man and the purposes of civilised existence: this mighty operation, which is at this instant going on under our very eyes, makes this country one of great interest, of admiration, of anxious observation to all the world. ‘Tis a marvellous country indeed!—*Letter from Fanny Kemble to the Rev. William Harness, Boston, May 5, 1833.*

**NURSERY RHYMES OF THE FUTURE.**—The learned professor who objected to Addison’s creation hymn, “The spacious firmament on high,” because it taught errors in science, will be pleased to hear that a new set of nursery rhymes are prepared, of which we give two specimen stanzas:—

“Twinkle, twinkle, solar star,  
Now we’ve found out what you are,  
When unto the noonday sky,  
We the spectroscope apply;”

and—

“Little Jack Horner, of Latin no seorner,  
In the second declension did spy,  
How of nouns there are some  
That ending in ‘um’  
Do not form the plural in ‘i.’”

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"DEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



MR. TINCROFT ON HIS TRAVELS AGAIN.

WITHOUT INTENDING IT;

OR, JOHN TINCROFT, BACHELOR AND BENEDICT.

CHAPTER XXV.—ON THE WAY.

We won't laugh again at John Tincroft and his awkwardness, if it so please you, reader. We see him now under a new phase: his awkward shyness vanished, he is coming out a man, a gentleman, and, if it so please you, as I hope it does, a Christian. I

have said that John was no hero. I revoke the charge. He is a hero now, and I am absolutely proud of him, as I see him, on that cold January day, on the top of the "Tally-ho," dragging on through snowdrifts; for a snowstorm had set in at mid-day, which had also covered him with its hoary fleece.

It was late at night when he reached the town nearest the Manor House, for the coach was delayed by the snow, which partially blocked the road; and,

there being no dog-cart to meet him on this occasion, he was obliged to put up at an inn.

The next morning, however, saw him on foot, unencumbered with luggage, for he meant to decline the hospitality which he knew would be offered him, and, having transacted his business, to return at once to Oxford. So he plodded on through the snow, which was sometimes up to his knees, and sometimes higher, over the six or seven miles of country road that separated him from the goal of his high duty—which he reached at last.

"I tell you what, my dear Tincroft," said Mr. Richard Grigson to him, when John's story was told: "I am heartily glad to see you, and it is all nonsense about your not stopping here two or three days, or as long as you like, for that matter. Come, draw nearer the fire; you must be frozen inside as well as out."

This was spoken as the two were seated at lunch, after John had, by the help of his friend's wardrobe, changed his wet stockings, boots, and nether garments.

"Thank you, thank you heartily, Mr. Grigson; but you see I must get back to my rooms at college as soon as I can. This is my last term, and I shall have no time to waste. But I could not rest satisfied till I had done what I could for the poor girl."

"And that is what I was coming to, Tincroft. I am afraid, as far as that is concerned, yours is a lost journey. Of course, I know all about it, and how innocent you are—"

"No, no; don't say that. I am not innocent, being the cause of all the mischief. It's the poor girl, Sarah Wilson, who is the innocent sufferer from my blunders."

"Well, well, put it that way if you like; but what I was going to say is that I, as far as I am concerned, think it a good thing for young Wilson—Walter—that the whole affair is ended."

"Do you really mean that, Mr. Grigson?" asked John, in a troubled tone.

"Yes, I do. I have nothing to say against the girl particularly; but I don't approve of cousins marrying, in any case. And in this case the young fellow may do better for himself, and can scarcely do worse, than by marrying that young woman."

"I am afraid, then, that I am not to have your help," said John, dolefully.

"Not in patching up the quarrel, just because I think it is a good thing they did quarrel."

"But think of the poor young person," John pleaded.

Mr. Grigson smiled. "You take a great interest in the poor young person," said he.

And John acknowledged that he did.

"Now, I don't," said the squire, bluntly, "for I think she is feather-brained, and won't make a good wife for any man. Look at her up-bringing."

"But that is not her fault," argued John.

"No; but it is her misfortune."

"Then you won't make an effort to set things straight between the two cousins?"

"I really would rather not, my dear Tincroft," said Mr. Richard.

John did not succeed much better in his interview with his clerical friend, Mr. Rubric, upon whom he presently called.

Mr. Rubric received the collegian graciously, and would have set lunch before him, if John had not already undergone and duly performed that opera-

tion. But he had not much to say in praise of our hero's amiable quixotism.

"Let the matter rest, Mr. Tincroft; you will do no good," said he. "Of course," he added, "I look upon such engagements as being very serious and solemn; and I did what I could to make things straight when young Wilson honoured me with his confidence. But he is an obstinate young man, I am afraid. At least, I could make no impression upon him. And perhaps, after all, it is best as it is, Mr. Tincroft. And let me tell you, my dear friend"—this was spoken in a soft, confidential tone—"that your interference will be interpreted—shall I say?—interpreted unfavourably against yourself. Just consider, Mr. Tincroft."

"Mr. Rubric," said John, not without dignity, for there is dignity in honest feeling and intentions, and in taking an honest course, even if the honesty be clumsy,—“will you, if you have it in your power, kindly let me know Mr. Walter Wilson's address?"

Mr. Rubric could and did give the address. "But you won't write to him, will you?"

"No, sir; I will go and see him," said John.

The rector looked aghast. "My very good friend, don't think of such a thing," said he. "You don't know what a strong feeling there is against you in that quarter. Why, you will be eaten up alive! absolutely rushing to the lion's mouth!"

"I think not," said John, serenely. "At all events, I'll run the risk."

That same afternoon saw John trudging back to the little town where he had left his portmanteau, to pass another night at the Saracen's Head. The next day, instead of returning to Oxford, he secured a place in the mail, and at night was on his travels due north, whither he must precede him.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.—THE LION'S MOUTH.

WHEN Walter Wilson returned from his journey homewards to his professional pursuits, there was no need for his friends, Ralph and Mary, to question him as to his speed. A few words were indeed spoken; but at Walter's rather stern request that nothing more might be said on the subject, or rather, on the object of his journey, they silently acquiesced.

From that time onward, Walter paid more attention, if that were possible, to business; but his whole nature seemed changed. The frank good-humour which, unless he were over-tired or in any respect put out of his way, generally marked him, had departed; and even to Mary Burgess his entire manner was altered. As to his constant pipe, it seemed to have lost its charm. He smoked more than ever, it is true; but he brooded over it.

"I must have some talk with Wilson," said Ralph to his sister one evening, as they were sitting together after a hard day's work.

"No, don't, Ralph. He will come to his old self again soon, I hope. Poor fellow, he has been sadly disappointed, you know."

"In that stupid love affair, you mean. Well, I suppose he has, but that needn't make him so mopish. There are as good fish in the sea as there are out of it, as your favourite, John Newton, says in one of his letters. There, you see, I can quote John Newton as well as you, Mary."

Mary smiled, and then sighed.

"And as to Walter having been crossed in love,

after the specimen he has given of being in that happy state, I think I would rather keep out of it altogether, though it is love that 'makes the world go round, go round.'"

Many conversations of a like sort had been held between the brother and sister, but no improvement had taken place in the subject of them, who, on the contrary, seemed to grow more dissatisfied, morose, and silent.

One day, a month or so after Christmas, when both Ralph and Walter were from home, a knock at the front door announced a visitor, and the servant subsequently announced to Miss Burgess that a gentleman, who sent in his card, wished to see Mr. Wilson. The card had on it the name,—

John Tincroft,

Queen's College, Oxford.

"Ask the gentleman to come in," Mary said, after a moment's thought. "I will speak to him."

The gentleman accordingly entered the room, and was rather ceremoniously invited to be seated.

"Walter is not within now, but he soon will be, if you would like to wait," said Mary Burgess.

"I can call again," replied John. "I came in by coach an hour or two ago, and shall not be leaving till to-morrow. I can therefore adapt my time to your friend's leisure. Or, probably, when he sees my card, he will prefer seeing me at the inn where I am now staying;" and Tincroft named a certain inn near at hand.

"I think you had better see him here if you are really anxious for an interview, Mr. Tincroft," said the lady, hesitatingly. "You see I have soon learned your name, sir. But excuse me," she added, "are you not putting your hand too near the lion's mouth?"

"I really beg your pardon, madam"—John looked rather nervously round as he spoke, especially as these or similar words of warning had been uttered by Mr. Rubric only two days before; "but—I do not understand your meaning."

"I should apologise, then, for speaking in figures. I mean, are you prepared to quarrel with Walter Wilson, or is it your purpose to quarrel with him?"

"Assuredly not; quite the contrary; but—"

"But you do not yet understand me. The fact is, Mr. Tincroft, your name is not strange to me; and excuse me for saying that I am afraid it will have an unpleasant effect on my friend Mr. Wilson."

"I am, also, almost afraid that it will, at first; but I also trust that he will ultimately see no reason to regret that I have taken this long journey for the sake of a personal interview. At any rate, I must see him if possible." John added, "May I be so bold as to ask—" and here he stopped short.

"To ask in what way your name came to be familiar to me?"

Yes; John acknowledged that the thought had occurred to him.

"In the simplest of all ways, Mr. Tincroft. In having heard it repeatedly at some former time, but not lately, from the lips of my friend Mr. Wilson; and also from having seen it in letters which he put into my hands."

John looked up inquisitively, but did not speak.

"I am dealing openly with you, you see, sir," continued the lady.

"And no doubt," John found tongue at last to say—"no doubt your impressions or preconceptions are not altogether in my favour."

Mary Burgess now hesitated; in a moment or two, however, she said, "I would rather not speak of my previous impressions. It is more to the purpose to say that both my brother—"

"It is Miss Burgess, then, whom I have the honour of addressing?"

"I am Mary Burgess: yes; but, as I was remarking, it is more to the purpose to say that both my brother and Walter Wilson are strongly prejudiced against you; and unless your design in coming here is clearly and plainly of a friendly and honourable nature, I am sorry you should have come at all."

"My motive is both honourable and friendly, I know," said John, quietly, "and I trust it will be so understood. If, unfortunately, it should be otherwise, I for one shall deeply regret it."

There was another awkward silence; and then again the lady spoke.

"Mr. Tincroft," she said, "I have read somewhere that half the troubles in life—the minor troubles I mean, of course—would be escaped if those who live in the world would be but true to each other, open and straightforward. And I very much believe it. Now we two are thrown into each other's society under rather exceptional circumstances, and, at any rate, we are strangers to each other. Is it not so?"

It certainly was so, John admitted.

"But that is no reason why we should not be plain and outspoken. I told you a minute ago that I would rather not speak of my preconceptions of the Mr. Tincroft of whom I had heard. Let me say now that those preconceptions, as far as they may have been unfavourable, are to a great extent removed. At any rate, I believe I may trust you."

"You do me great honour," said John, with a kind of pleasurable emotion.

"And I ask you, Mr. Tincroft, to trust me. Do you think you can?"

John had never been addressed in this way before by any living woman. Have we not said that it was his misfortune to have been, from childhood, almost bereft of female society? To be sure, of late, he had known Sarah Wilson, and had seen something—a very little—of Mrs. Mark Wilson; he had been intimate also with good obese Mrs. Barry, and had been waited on by Mrs. Barry the younger. But here, setting aside the female domestics of the Manor House, his experience almost ended. It was a wonderful thing to John to be appealed to with such confidence, and in such well-chosen language, as he thought it, by a ladylike woman to whom, less than an hour ago, he had been a complete stranger, and to be thought by her as worthy of trust. "Could he trust her?" Yes, to be sure he could; and he answered her with a little more enthusiasm than was his wont that he could and would. "If I had only had a sister to have advised with and consulted, mine would have been in many respects a different and a happier life," he silently reflected.

I am not sure, and John was not sure, that this lurking regret might not have been half-revealed to the gentlewoman on the opposite side of the hearth, by the sigh which accompanied it. At any rate, she said, with a half-smile,—

"Think of me for the little while we are together as a sister."

"I will indeed," said Tincroft.

"Allow me then to ask—you said a minute or two ago that your intentions are honourable and

friendly—allow me to ask you to confide those intentions to me.”

And John did. He told his whole story from beginning to end. He stammered awkwardly at first, perhaps; but he gained courage as he went on. He did not spare himself in the least. He painted himself in darker colours, or, at least, he placed himself in a more preposterous light than that in which we have represented him. He declared himself so heartily ashamed of his folly in that last month of his sojourn at the Manor House, that his fair auditor had to check his self-accusations. On the other hand, he warmly vindicated poor Sarah from any intentional or unintentional cause for real blame, while, with much good feeling, he described the unhappy circumstances by which she had been and was still surrounded—her wretched home, her unkind relatives at Low Beech, the scandal-loving and scandal-breathing social atmosphere of the place, and a great deal more of the same sort.

“I am come,” said John, “to say all this to Walter Wilson. I have made up my mind, of course, to hear myself harshly abused, because I really deserve to be abused by him. I will submit to any mortifications and humiliations he may see fit to demand from me. I will do anything in my power—and I wish more were in my power—if only the mischief I have so foolishly and wrongfully done may but be remedied. I hope you believe me in this, Miss Burgess,” he added.

“I believe you to be sincere and honest in all you have said,” the lady responded; “and now I will be open and candid with you. It is an unusual course I am taking, perhaps, and I suppose the polite world with which you are acquainted—”

“Not a bit of it,” thought John.

“—would say that I am very bold at the least; but then I do not belong to the polite world.”

“Nor do I,” said John, aloud; “and if you can only assure me that I may hope to be the means of reconciling the two cousins, I shall be satisfied. I shall not care—I shall not so much care, at any rate—what is thought of me.”

“We will not discuss that, Mr. Tincroft. But I must tell you, having promised to be candid, that from what I know of Walter Wilson, your appearance here will probably so rouse his passion that you will not get even a hearing.”

“I am sorry for that,” said John.

“He will only think, and perhaps say, that being already tired of your new toy, you are only anxious to resign it to the old possessor.”

“But you do not think so, Miss Burgess?” John asked, anxiously.

“No, I do not; but our judgments of each other so much depend on the points of view from which they are taken. Now, my friend Walter has been wounded in his love for his cousin, and also, I may say (having promised to be candid), in his self-love. He looks upon you as the destroyer of his peace, and he will naturally attribute to you the worst motives for what others would, it may be, consider very generous and self-denying.”

“I see all this, Miss Burgess,” said the penitent; “but what better can I do?”

“Will you entrust your cause to an advocate?”

“Willingly; but you see it is not my cause so much as that of others. It is Miss Wilson’s cause, and not only hers, it is Walter Wilson’s cause also.”

“You are right; and the greater the need of an

advocate. A man needs a strong, or at least an unexceptionable advocate, when he is at odds with himself. Now, I am almost sure Walter will not hear you. Will you place your cause—his, I mean, and his cousin’s—in my hands?”

“Gladly,” said Tincroft, “if—”

“If— But let me explain myself more clearly. My brother and Walter Wilson will be in very soon now,” said Mary Burgess, looking at a timepiece in the room, and speaking hurriedly. “If they find you here, your name will greatly excite them both, I am sure; and I doubt whether Walter would hear a word from your lips. Go now, and leave me to do your errand. I will tell them all that you have said—”

“Don’t forget to say that it was all my fault, Miss Burgess.”

“No, I will not forget that; and I will try and smooth the way for a meeting between you and Walter to-morrow. I believe, and am sure, this is the best thing to be done. And you shall have a note from me in the morning. Where are you staying?”

John named the inn.

“Do you agree to this, Mr. Tincroft?”

John did agree to it. What else could he do? And then he took his departure.

“If I had but had a sister—and such a sister!” quoth John, sorrowfully, as he took his way to his inn.

A meeting did take place between John Tincroft and Walter Wilson on the morrow; but the reader shall be spared the particulars of this interview. It is enough to say that John had, metaphorically speaking, put his hand into the lion’s mouth.

Some of our former chapters will have shown that Walter Wilson, though sterling in principle, and true-hearted as far as he knew himself, was egotistical, dogmatical, and hard-judging. These characteristics showed themselves forcibly and unpleasantly on the preceding evening, when, on his return home, Mary Burgess performed her promise to John Tincroft. It was a disagreeable office she had undertaken, and we may say, in passing, that any one proposing to be a mediator or mediatrix between contending parties should expect no selfish pleasure to spring from the efforts thus made. Miss Burgess had no such expectations, but she did not shrink from the self-imposed task.

At the first mention of Tincroft’s name, and of his near vicinity, Walter started to his feet, and would have rushed out then to “have it out,” he said (whatever this might mean), “with the miscreant.” But he was restrained by the interposition of Ralph, who also persuaded his friend to hear all his sister had to tell.

As Mary went on, describing John’s honest, punctious self-accusation, Walter uttered not a word, but smiled bitterly and contemptuously. But when, with kindling eloquence and womanly sympathy, she spoke of his cousin’s unhappy surroundings, and of her guilelessness, notwithstanding the rancour with which she had been slanderously assailed—a guilelessness in which the amiable advocate believed—he rudely interrupted her, and bade her cease dinning him with her pleadings.

“I made Sarah a fair offer the last time I saw her,” he said fiercely. “I told her that if she would confess and apologise—”

"Confess what?—apologise for what?" his friend asked, mildly.

"To having deceived me; for having laid traps for that Tincroft, meaning to turn me off when she had secured her richer prize. That's what I meant, and what I said."

"But knowing that she was not guilty of such baseness, how could she make such a confession and apology? Did she not deny the charge?"

"Deny! what has that to do with it? Deny!—of course she denied it. Oh yes—yes, she could talk fair enough, calling me 'Dear Walter,' and all that sort of thing. But do you think I was going to believe her?"

"But after she denied it, and explained—did she not explain?"

"Oh, to be sure; she was ready enough with her explanations."

"And after that, if in her sorrow for having offended you, she had confessed to an untruth, should you have believed her then?"

"I might, or I might not," said the unhappy young man, sullenly. "At any rate, it is all over with us now," he added; "and as to that canting hypocrite who has come over you—"

Here he was interrupted by the strong, determined voice of Ralph Burgess, saying gravely, but good-temperedly notwithstanding,—

"That will do. You must not abuse my sister, Walter. You don't know what you are saying, or how you are saying it. If you were not beside yourself, you would not do as you are doing. For my

part, I think your cousin has had a happy escape. There are two words which I have somewhere met with in the Bible that describe your feelings towards her, and these are, 'implacable and unmerciful.' And if you don't mind my saying it, or if you do it doesn't much matter, there is another word that tells how you are conducting yourself now, and that is, 'arrogantly.'"

"Oh, that is it, is it?" said Walter, as leaving the room he lighted his chamber-candle and was seen no more that night.

A brief note from Miss Burgess informed John Tincroft of the non-success of her attempted mediation. And while he was pondering what next he should do, the door of the room at the inn in which he had taken breakfast opened and admitted Wilson. The interview was short and sharp. Much abuse was heaped upon the head of poor John, who bore it patiently. And then, with a declaration that he had done with his cousin for ever, Walter said that the other might take his leavings and welcome.

"You will some day be very sorry for the injustice you are now doing to your cousin," said John, sorrowfully; but the latch of the door was in Walter's hand as he spoke, and in the next instant he was gone.

There was nothing more for John after this but to return, not to the Manor House, but to Oxford, which place he disconsolately reached on the fifth day after his departure from it.

## DR. LIVINGSTONE IN MAURITIUS.

BY THE REV. P. BEATON, ARMY CHAPLAIN.

IT HAPPENED to be stationed in Mauritius when her Majesty's brig "Frolic" cast anchor in the harbour of Port Louis, on the 12th of August, 1856. The arrival of a man-of-war was sure to cause a sensation in that dullest and hottest of tropical towns; but the interest on this occasion was enhanced by the report that there was on board the "Frolic" an Englishman, picked up somewhere on the coast of Africa, who had spent several years among the savage tribes in the interior of that continent. He was said to have forgotten his own language; to have been burned black by the fierce tropical sun; to have assumed the dress or rather the undress and manners of the savages who had been his only associates for years. No time was lost in driving to town to meet this remarkable stranger, and in a few hours I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Livingstone.

His appearance was somewhat remarkable. His hands, face, and throat were as dark as an Arab's; his nostrils distended like those of the African races; his movements and gestures abrupt, but highly expressive. He looked more like a Hovah chief than an English traveller. It was only natural he should do so; he had spent years in the interior, without conversing with a European, till little was left to distinguish him from his uncivilised associates, save his fairer skin and superior intelligence. When he tried to speak English, the words came slowly and with effort, as if he had been speaking a foreign tongue. At Kilimane, a month before, he could scarcely speak English at all; during the voyage to

Mauritius he had gained a little by constant intercourse with the officers and men.

His dress, also, was somewhat peculiar. In starting on his journey across the interior, he had not encumbered himself with too much clothing, though we are not aware that he ever adopted that peculiarly airy costume which Mansfield Parkyns assumed, and recommends to all African travellers. His wanderings through bush and through brier had denuded him of most of his European dress, so that when he reached Kilimane there was little left of that approved costume which fashion has made *de rigueur* in civilised life. But the officers of the "Frolic" did their best to supply this want; each one contributed something, till, in nautical phrase, he was completely rigged out. At our first meeting he wore an officer's cap with gold band, a black tie with sailor's knot, and turn-down collar, a black dress coat, with white trousers and vest. His clothes sat somewhat awkwardly upon him, and he was evidently not quite at his ease. We have seen a Maori chief show the same uneasiness when first induced to assume the garb of the Pakeha.

On this particular morning Livingstone was in great distress. He had just lost Sekwebu, his faithful native attendant, who, after conducting him safely to the coast, begged hard to be taken with him to Mauritius. During the voyage he picked up English very fast, and was a great favourite with all on board; but the first contact with the wonders of civilised life was too much for his uncivilised mind.

The first sight of a steamer had much the same effect on him as that of the Spanish ships on the Mexicans, with this difference, that the Mexicans, being on land, could flee from the dreaded objects, while poor Sekwebu, confined on board the "Frolic," became insane through excess of terror. The sailors played on his credulity, by telling him that the steamer which had come out to tow them into harbour was a sea-monster, and as it came puffing, snorting on, he could scarcely be restrained from throwing himself into the sea. The shock was too much for him; during the night he became insane, and the following day he leaped overboard, pulling himself down, hand under hand, by the chain cable, till he disappeared. The harbour swarms with sharks, so much so that to bathe in it is almost certain death. Only a few weeks before, a sailor, overpowered with heat, dived from on board his ship; before he touched the water a shark half rose from the surface, seized him, and disappeared. A boat was lowered, and the body recovered, though fearfully mutilated. These sharks are said to have been first attracted to the harbour by a pastime peculiar to the creoles of the island. On Sundays they used to tie a dead bullock to the bell buoy at the entrance of the harbour, and then try the effect of their rifles on the sharks which attacked the carcass. Sekwebu was probably seized by a shark; at all events his body was never recovered. Livingstone, who meant to have brought him to England, lamented him as if he had lost a friend, and in truth he had been more useful to him than any European friend could have been.

All who have read Livingstone's first book of travels are familiar with his escape from the lion which spent his dying rage upon him. On that occasion the bone of the upper part of his arm was crushed into splinters, and had never been properly set. The result was a stiffness and weakness in the arm which disqualified him from using it very freely. A skilful physician in Port Louis offered to reset the bone; but on examining him, he found him of such a low habit of body, from the privations he had undergone, that he gave up the attempt, being afraid that fever might supervene. He could do as much, however, with one arm as most men can do with two; he could manage a spirited horse, or steer him, to use his own phrase, without using both hands or arms.

The British residents in Mauritius are very hospitable to strangers, and many invitations were given to Livingstone on his arrival. He accepted that of General Murray Hay, who commanded the forces in the island, and spent several months at Claremont, his beautiful country seat in the Plaines Wilhelms district. This period was spent chiefly in recruiting his health, and in writing out his reminiscences of the journeys he had made in the interior. He had taken a few notes of the leading incidents of his travels, but, his supply of paper being limited, he was obliged to trust mainly to his memory, which was fortunately most retentive. We have seen and examined the few stained sheets of note-paper, the germ from which his great work of African travel sprang. Being unprovided with instruments, he had much difficulty in determining the longitude and latitude of the different localities he had visited; in doing so, he was aided by the scientific knowledge of Colonel Frome, R.E., the surveyor-general of the colony, who traced his different wanderings on the map. He had made a few rough sketches of natural

objects, such as the falls of the Zambesi, which, with Colonel Frome's aid, were reduced to a more artistic form.

Soon after his arrival a general desire was expressed that he should give a lecture on his travels. The idea was a novel one in Mauritius; no one had ever been known to give a lecture there except Captain Fishbourne, R.N., who tried to convey to the Creole mind some idea of the law of storms, and only with limited success. Livingstone excused himself at first, on account of his limited command of English. For the same reason, also, he declined to preach when invited to do so. He told me himself that he thought in Bechuana, and in conversing had to translate his thoughts into English, a slow and difficult process. So many were anxious to hear him, however, that his scruples were overcome, and he consented to point out, publicly, on a large map of Africa, the course of his travels. The Freemasons of Port Louis placed their hall at his disposal, and on the appointed day all the notables of the colony met to hear him. It was the most interesting lecture I ever heard in any country, or on any subject. There was no redundant verbiage; the words came from his lips one by one as if each were recalled by a separate effort of memory, but his gestures were so expressive that every one could understand what he meant to convey. His lecture was pervaded by a constant flow of that quiet pawky humour characteristic of the Scot, and discernible in his book, though much toned down. It was somewhat singular that, though the cause of laughter to others, he never laughed himself. His sense of the ludicrous was expressed by no audible sound, but by a certain twitching of the features significant of laughter among his African friends. The African negro, *pur et simple*, is emphatically a laughing animal. When he laughs he does so with his whole soul and body. With him laughter is a passing convulsion, which shakes him to his very foundations. There rises before our mind's eye at this moment the picture of two old negroes holding on to one another in a convulsive fit of laughter, excited by their first view of a bishop's apron: "*Tenez! il porte un tablier comme une vieille femme.*" But the Africans of Malay origin, Livingstone's most frequent associates in his travels, though not deficient in the sense of the ludicrous, are grave and solemn in their bearing, rarely expressing their laughter by audible sounds, and he had unconsciously assimilated himself to them in this as in many other respects.

I was anxious to hear more of his adventures than could be given in a lecture, and he became my guest for a short time before leaving for England. He was most patient in answering our inquiries, and traced on the map of Africa the route he had followed in crossing the continent. He related how the desire to explore the *terra incognita* that lay beyond had grown upon him for years, strengthening day by day till it became irresistible. He felt as Columbus must have felt during the years that intervened before he found the means of starting in search of a new world. He spoke lightly of the dangers he had encountered and the difficulties he had surmounted; in truth, he seemed unconscious that he had done anything remarkable, and afterwards, on reaching England, nothing excited his surprise more than to find that he was already famous. The love of distinction or the thirst for fame was not the motive that drove him into the wilds of the interior: his

interest in the African races, of whose capacity for civilisation he had a high opinion, coupled with a natural love of adventure, and curiosity to know what was hitherto unknown, had far more influence in inducing him to go forth from his quiet missionary home, not knowing whither he went.

In the course of conversation we happened to remark how much Scotland had contributed to the exploration of Africa, coupling his name with those of Bruce, Clapperton, and Mungo Park. The genuine modesty of the man was alarmed at this association; he disclaimed any personal merit or success that could place him on a level with these distinguished travellers. In all this there was nothing of that pride which apes humility: his humility was sincere, his diffidence natural and unaffected. All the incense of flattery offered to him at home failed to intoxicate him or to excite even a passing feeling of vanity in his simple honest heart. There was less of self in his composition than in that of any other man we have ever met.

And yet, contradictory as it may seem, David Livingstone was a proud man. The pride of ancestry was strong within him, but it was a kind of pride in keeping with the whole character of the man. He made no claim to Norman descent, or relationship to Livingstone of that ilk; but it was his proud boast that he descended from a long line of peasant ancestry, not one of whom had ever done anything to disgrace the name he bore. One of his forefathers had fought and fallen at Culloden, and, like most Scotchmen who have any ancestral connection with the unfortunate Pretender, he was a Jacobite in feeling. There was a strong manifestation of this feeling on his hearing some old Jacobite airs played on the piano. He had listened to passages from operas with evident indifference, but when "Wae's me for Prince Charlie" began to be played, the old familiar sound touched some responsive chord in his heart, and he had to turn away his face to conceal his emotion.

He dwelt with evident pleasure on his early struggles and the difficulties he had to surmount in educating himself as a medical missionary. I am sure that he was prouder then of having mastered "Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin," by occasional peeps at the book while working as a piecer in a mill in his tenth year, than of having explored regions where no European had ever penetrated before. He had no jealousy of those who preceded him in the path of exploration. The only African traveller he spoke of with contempt was one of sporting celebrity whom he had known in the bush, and whose adventures, as related by himself, were only a degree more truthful than those of Baron Munchausen.

My reminiscences of Livingstone must now be brought to a close. Let us only hope that the new expedition in search of the long-missing traveller may restore him to us. The whole civilised world would rejoice in the safety of one whose life has been devoted to the interests of humanity and science.

## THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN.

AMONG the noteworthy events of these recent years of political change, not the least remarkable is that of the accession of the House of Savoy to the throne of Spain. Since the formation of the Spanish monarchy

in 1474, by the union of the crowns of Arragon and Castile, in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella, until the revolution of September, 1868—with the exception of the brief reign of Joseph Bonaparte—the sovereignty of Spain has been shared between the royal houses of Hapsburg and Bourbon. Of the five Hapsburgs who have ruled in Spain, the last was the imbecile Charles II. His successor, Philip V, Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV of France, was the first of its seven Bourbon sovereigns, and the last, the recently deposed Queen Isabella II.

The revolutionary outbreak which drove Isabella from the throne, and ended the rule of the Bourbons not only in Spain but in Europe, had been before completely organised. It was comparatively bloodless, and was marked by moderation and good sense. Public affairs during the interregnum were well conducted by the leading revolutionists under the leadership of the able and honest Marshal Prim. As the establishment of a republic in a country with a mere section of republicans was deemed an undesirable expedient, monarchy was adopted as the future form of government in Spain. This vital question was settled by a majority of 214 to 71 votes by the Constituent Cortes elected by universal suffrage in January, 1869. The new Constitution, framed by the same body, was formally proclaimed on the 6th of June following, and ten days afterwards Marshal Serrano was elected Regent of the kingdom, until such time as an occupant could be found for the vacant throne.

The government of Spain may be described as that of monarchy based on democracy. According to the new Constitution, all powers emanate from the nation. The Cortes makes the laws; the King sanctions and promulgates them. The executive power resides with the King, who exercises it by his ministers. His person is inviolable, and, like other constitutional monarchs, he is not responsible. The King nominates and freely dismisses his ministers, who are alone responsible. He disposes of the land and sea forces, makes and ratifies peace, giving afterwards documentary account to the Cortes. The constituted tribunals of the country exercise judicial authority. The Roman Catholic religion is established; but the public or private exercise of any other form of worship is guaranteed to all foreigners in Spain, and the same clause of the Constitution applies to any Spaniard who professes other than the established religion. In a population of eighteen millions, we may remark, 600,000 are dissentients from the national faith.

The restoration of the Bourbons, whether in the person of the Duke de Montpensier or of the Prince of Asturias, the son of Isabella II, being opposed to the popular will, a sovereign had to be found for Spain among other of the royal families of Europe. With a patriotic unselfishness worthy of all praise, Prim devoted himself to this task of much difficulty. The Spanish throne was first offered to Dom Fernando, the ex-King of Portugal, but by him declined. It was declined also by the aged Marshal Espartero. Other overtures were afterwards made which met with no favourable response. In this state of things Senor Figueras, a member of the Republican party, at a sitting of the Cortes, said that as the monarchical majority could not find a monarch, the only alternative was to restore the Bourbon dynasty, or proclaim a republic. This drew from Senor Zorrilla, minister of the interior, a prompt

reply, that the restoration of the Bourbons was impossible, and that a republic would be a national calamity. The Council of Ministers in September, 1869, decided to propose the young Duke of Genoa as a candidate. The Duke was born in 1854, and is a nephew of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. His father, a brother of the King, died in 1855; and when his name was brought prominently before Europe, in connection with the Spanish throne, he was at Harrow School in this country. The mother of the young prince was strongly opposed to his candidature, and the King of Italy, on his behalf, declined the brilliant but dangerous prize. Had the Duke of Genoa been of riper age and experience, and had the overtures of Prim been entertained, a bloody page of recent European history might not have been written.

All the world knows what mighty events sprung out of the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. Marshal Prim, in his resort to this Prussian prince, all unwittingly threw a fire-brand among the combustible materials of Europe. The war kindled by the Spanish torch resulted in the dethronement of Napoleon III, the resuscitation of the German empire, and the complete prostration of France. Apart from the strife, and while France lay crushed and bleeding in the grasp of her adversary, Spain, in her search for a sovereign, turned once again to Italy and to the House of Savoy. The Council of Ministers having invited Amadeus, Duke d'Aosta, second son of Victor Emmanuel, to become a candidate, that prince formally notified his acceptance of the candidature on the 19th October, 1870; and on the 16th November following, the Constituent Cortes voted the election of Amadeus as King of Spain. To have an absolute majority the Duke required 183 votes; he obtained 193. Twenty-two votes were given to the Duke de Montpensier, and sixty-four for a republic. Eighteen deputies abstained from voting. Shortly afterwards a commission of members of Cortes, headed by Senor Zorrilla, left Madrid for Italy, to lay before the King of Italy and the Duke the result of the election. On the 5th December the commission officially tendered the crown of Spain to the monarch elect. In accepting it, and replying to the deputies, the Duke used the following words:—"I had before me a course smooth and happy. You have come to open to me a more extended horizon, and to summon me to fulfil a duty always of high importance. Faithful to the traditions of my ancestors, who never hesitated before duty or peril, I accept the noble mission entrusted to me by Spain. I do not ignore the difficulties of my new position, and the responsibility to be assumed before history. I place my confidence in God and the Spanish nation, which has given me proof that it knows how to unite respect for the laws with liberty. I have but to follow loyally the constitutional traditions in which I have been brought up. A soldier in the army, I shall at the same time be the first citizen to the representative nation. I know not whether I shall have the good fortune to shed my blood for my new country, and of adding a new page to those which already celebrate the glory of Spain; but in any case I am sure that the Spaniards will be able to say of the King whom they have elected,—'His honesty could rise above the struggles of parties, and he had no other object than the peace and prosperity of the nation.'" To the Italian Chambers King Victor Emmanuel thus alluded to

the election of his son to the Spanish throne:—"Whilst Italy advances in the path of progress, a great sister nation has confided to my son the mission of governing her destinies. I rejoice in the honour thus rendered to my dynasty and to Italy. I entertain the hope that Spain will increase her prosperity by the loyalty of her prince and the wisdom of her people."

King Amadeus, or, as in Spanish, Amadeo, was born 30th May, 1845. He was created Duke of Aosta in 1849, and entered the Italian army in 1861. On the 30th of May, 1867, he married Maria Vittoria, daughter of the late Prince Carlo Emanuel dal Pozzo della Cisterna, and of Louise, Countess of Merode. The young bride, though not of royal rank, was of rank next to royalty. The marriage was celebrated at Turin. The two chief witnesses to the ceremony were General de Sonnaz and Marquis Alfieri. Illness prevented the Countess of Merode from being present; she was, however, represented by the Princess Clotilde. The Italian Assembly raised the allowance of the Duke d'Aosta from 300,000 francs to 400,000 francs a year. The Duke's marriage created much interest in Sardinia. He is greatly loved by the Piedmontese, among whom he was brought up, and at the time of his marriage was known and esteemed throughout Italy as a brave and amiable young man. He had given proof of his bravery in the war with Austria, though not entrusted with a separate command.

It is a curious circumstance that out of the members of Cortes who formed the commission to Italy, not more than two, as it was discovered by the way, could speak Italian. Senor Ulloa, a man of repute and ability, but who had taken no part in the government of the country since the fall of Isabella, was one of these, and naturally came into direct and constant contact with the young King. At his Majesty's request, Ulloa remained behind to accompany him in the frigate which was to bear him to Spain, and became afterwards one of the members of the King's first cabinet. The King arrived at Cartagena on the 30th December, expecting there to meet Marshal Prim; but Prim then lay helpless in Madrid, the victim of assassination. Before starting for the capital, Amadeus received intelligence of the death of Prim. Immediately he despatched a telegram to stop all preparations for his triumphal entry, desiring in the solemn circumstances that his arrival should be without ostentation or display. He slept on Sunday night at the old palace at Aranjuez, and on Monday, the 2nd of January, in the intense cold, and amid fast-falling snow, he entered Madrid. The monarch wore the uniform of a captain-general, with the Torson de Oro, and the Grand Cross of Carlos III. It was his desire to be taken first to the church of Atocha, where rests the dust of O'Donnell and Narvaez, and where lay the murdered body of Marshal Prim. There, much moved, he gazed on the features of the man to whom he owed his crown cold and stiff in death. What must have been the thoughts of the young Italian stranger at that solemn moment. The assassin's work lay before him, and his own life he well knew lay at the mercy of the same cruel hands. It was enough to shake the fortitude of the bravest. On leaving the church, the prince re-mounted and rode through the streets to the Cortes to take the oaths to the Constitution. Everywhere he was received with *vivas* and manifestations of welcome. Regent Serrano having

resigned his powers, the secretary read the Constitution of 1869, upon which the president addressed the King and said: "You accept, and swear to keep and to cause to be kept, the Constitution of 1869 of the Spanish nation, which you have just heard read." With his right hand on a copy of the gospels, the King answered in a loud voice, and with perfect Spanish, though in an unmistakable Italian accent, "Si juro" (yes, I swear). "Do you swear to keep, and to cause to be kept, the laws of the kingdom?"



throne, and their wish to strengthen the friendship that had existed during so many years between the two countries.

General Cialdini, who accompanied the young prince from Florence, in the character of Italian ambassador, shortly afterwards returned to Italy. The royal reply to Cialdini's address on the occasion of his departure, expresses in a pathetic passage the King's sense of the almost insuperable difficulties of government in disunited Spain. "Italy, in bidding



In the same emphatic manner the King replied, "Si juro." "If you do so," added the president, "God will reward you; if not, he will demand it of you." Then turning to the Assembly, he said: "The Cortes Constituyentes have witnessed and heard the acceptance and the oath the King has just taken to the Constitution and laws of the Spanish nation; there therefore remains proclaimed king of Spain, Amadeo I."

Before proceeding to the palace, the King paid a visit of condolence to the Duchess de Reus, the widow of Marshal Prim. This was an affecting interview. Expressing in parting a few kind and loving words to her children, the King rode on horseback through the Calle Alcalá and the Calle Mayor to the palace. This magnificent building is of white stone, and situated on elevated ground in Madrid. Here, so vehement were the acclamations of the multitude, the King had to show himself on the balcony. Having received the heads of departments, and in the evening paid a visit to the Duke and Duchess de la Torre, the first eventful day of King Amadeo in Madrid came to a close.

Mr. Layard, our representative at Madrid, was the first foreign minister to present his credentials to the new sovereign. He expressed to King Amadeo the great interest with which her Majesty Queen Victoria and the British nation have seen his accession to the

me farewell," said Amadeo I, "and Spain, in placing on my brow the heavy charge of her ancient and glorious crown, have trusted too much to me; the first expecting that I, her son, will add new glories to the imperishable name she has secured among all peoples; and the second that I shall stanch her wounds and cause new days of prosperity and grandeur to shine for her after her long misfortunes. But if for so much my strength or my entire life do not suffice, God, I hope, looking to the purity of my intentions, will bless my efforts, and lend me his aid, as there is nothing wanting in me either of mind or will."

The elections for the new Cortes in March, 1871, gave a large majority over the various factions in favour of the new régime.

The Chambers were opened on the 3rd of April. The King drove from the palace in the simple style in which he delights—an uncovered phaeton. His first speech was read in excellent Castilian, and with a marked emphasis. The dramatic attitude and forcible expression (says an eye-witness), with which he dwelt on the word *jamas* (never), in that part of the speech where he said he would never desire to impose himself on the people, was loudly cheered. The following extract has a special interest as referring to his own personal feelings and intentions:—"Before entering the Spanish territory," said the

King, "I formed the determination to mingle my ideas, my sentiments, and my interests with those of the nation which has chosen me as its head. Within my constitutional sphere I will govern with Spain and for Spain, with the men, the ideas, and the tendencies legitimately indicated by public opinion represented in the majority of the Chambers—the true regulator of constitutional monarchies. Assured of your loyalty as I am of mine, I have confidently delivered to my new country all that I most love in the world—my wife and children; my children who, though they first saw the light in a foreign land, will have the good fortune to receive their first notions of life, to speak first of all the language of Castile—to be educated in the national customs, and to be inspired from their earliest years by the high examples of constancy, disinterestedness, and patriotism the history of Spain has displayed. Placed by the will of the country in my post of honour, my family and I have come here to share your joys and your sorrows—to feel and think as you feel and think; to unite, in short, with indissoluble links our fate to the fate of the people who have entrusted to me the direction of their destinies. The work to which the nation has called me is difficult but glorious—perhaps superior to my strength, though not to my will; but with the help of God, who knows the rectitude of my intentions, with the aid of the Cortes—which will ever be my guide, for it must ever be the expression of the country—and with the aid of all good men, whose co-operation will not be wanting to me, I trust our united efforts will obtain their reward in the prosperity of the Spanish people."

The Queen Maria Vittoria, with her two little children, left Turin in February to join her husband in Madrid. She had a long and tedious journey, and was detained at Alessio by a severe illness. It was not till the 16th of March that the recovered health of the Queen allowed her to arrive at Alicante. Here she was received by the King. At Alicante the Queen created great enthusiasm by presenting her son, the heir to the crown, to the people.

Arrived at Madrid, the royal couple repaired to the Atocha Church. The scene there presented was an imposing one. In front of the great altar, on which stands the black and much venerated image of Nuestra Señora de Atocha, which the faithful believe to have come from Antioch, and to have been carved by St. Luke himself, and which the kings and queens of Spain have prided themselves in bedecking with jewels, knelt the young scion of the House of Savoy and his still younger wife, performing what appeared to them a necessary solemnity. Everywhere they were received with tokens of respect and enthusiasm. At the balcony of the Madrid palace they had to appear to satisfy the enthusiasm of the multitude. In the difficulties of government, assailed by the bitter enmity of his political opponents, the King has, by his tact and temper, done much to conciliate and disarm opposition, and in a consort endowed with no common intellectual gifts, and with every charm and accomplishment, he has the fittest possible helpmate in the onerous task of ruling the Spanish people.

At a grand reception, given on the anniversary of the King's birthday—which is also that of his marriage—Queen Maria Vittoria favourably impressed every one by her graceful bearing, her amiability and intelligence. The reception was held in Sala del Trono of the Royal Palace, one of the

most magnificent rooms of its kind in Europe. At the foot of the steps of the throne, on which Ferdinand VII and Isabella II had so often sat, stood the royal pair who, but a few months before, were quietly residing in their Italian home. At the time of the reception no "court" had been formed, and her Majesty was attended by only four ladies. In the spirit of democratic rule, the ceremony of kissing hands was entirely dispensed with. The youthful Queen is intelligent and sympathetic, and possesses considerable literary attainments. She speaks English, French, and German fluently, and has also since her arrival acquired the Spanish tongue.

From the letters of the Madrid correspondents of the English press we derive sundry particulars touching the domestic habits of the royal pair. The King, it is said, never drinks anything but water, and though unpledged, he is a staunch teetotaler. He rises every day at six, the Queen at seven. Both occupy some time in reading the papers of all colours, including republican and Carlist. At ten o'clock they breakfast—never more than four *platos* or courses, including fruit. At five they dine, and the dinner consists of but six *platos*, including dessert. No more than an hour at the outside is spent over dinner, no matter who is there. This almost puritanical simplicity is fitted to make the court of Madrid a model to all the rest of Europe. The large dotation assigned to the royal household is expended every penny of it and more in Spain and upon the Spaniards. Out of it the King is paying not only the current expenses, but also the pensions of the household of Queen Isabella, a thing he is under no obligation to do. He is also completing the Madrid palace by the erection of a wing included in the original plan, but never yet constructed. At the same time he is effecting works of restoration at Aranjuez and the Escorial. His charities alone average 17,500 dols. a month. The whole expense of his journey in the southern and eastern provinces in the autumn, calculated at £30,000, he defrayed from his private purse, unlike his predecessors, who always had their journeys paid for at the cost of the State. All sorts of evil things were predicted of the King's journey by the republican press. The Queen, who reads the newspapers regularly, became alarmed for the safety of her husband, and parted with him under painful apprehensiveness. But all fears and forebodings were happily falsified by the result. Don Amadeo was everywhere received with demonstrations of enthusiasm. Indeed, if the intense *vivas* of the people may be taken as an indication, the dynasty of Savoy is as firmly rooted in Spain as if it had existed for centuries.

In reference to the September journey, a contemporary thus writes:—"Whatever was genuine and spontaneous in the acclamations with which the Spanish cities of the south and east hailed their young sovereign, was in a great measure due to the King's personal qualities. In the first place, this Amadeo, were he even a hundred times '*perro de Italiano*,' has shown himself as brave as their own Cid. Then he is as free-handed as any of the best among their old Alphonses and Fernandos. He has effected immense retrenchments in that Civil List which the Constituent Cortes had already reduced to the most meagre proportions; yet so great is his thrift, so unbounded his self-denial, that his revenue, eked out by the large fortune of his wife, enables him to play the part of Prince Bountiful, coming to

the aid of distress wherever and under whatever shape it meets him. Add to this an exterior which, somewhat puny and sickly as it was in early youth, has almost miraculously developed itself into a robust and stalwart frame, a countenance full of manly beauty and majesty, and an address where the winning courtesy hereditary among the princes of Savoy is unaffectedly blended with that grave stateliness which the young King has been taught to consider the surest way to the proud Spaniard's heart. But, after all, there is something of far greater consequence than even the King's personal qualities to stir up the loyalty of the Spanish population at the sight of one who, elected by their representatives, must be regarded as the sovereign of their choice. Royalty in Spain, as in other countries, can never fail to have its symbolic value. The accession of Amadeus was the end of a Revolution. Great political changes may startle, electrify, and even interest the multitude at the outset, but in the long run they are wearying, disappointing, disheartening. The republican journals, we are told, express 'the most intense disgust at the weakness and fickleness of Spanish human nature and at its abjectness, the result of long submission to kingly rule.' It is no little vexation to them that the King should turn his first steps towards those cities and provinces in which their party flattered themselves that they had their head-quarters, that he should ride on his black Andalusian alone, several yards in advance of all escort and retinue, through streets crowded to overflowing, in cities like Valencia, Xativa, Fuente la Higuera, Castellon, Tarragona, and there be received by corporations some of which declared themselves republican, and had vowed that nothing would ever induce them to join a royal pageantry. It must be no little vexation to the republicans to hear the crowd declare that 'No republic, after all, could ever produce so goodly and so gallant a youth as he who returned their "*viras*" with so graceful a bow as he went past.'"

The summer retreat of the Spanish monarchs is the palace at La Granja. The gardens are on the grandest scale, and were laid out during the reign of Philip v, after the pattern of Versailles. It was the habit of King Amadeo, when resident at La Granja last summer, to travel to Madrid every Saturday to attend the meetings of the Cabinet Council.

In the deliberations of these Cabinet Councils the King has had to encounter the difficulties which seem inherent in the government of Spain. He was at the first met with a province in rebellion and an empty exchequer. The majority in favour of the Savoy dynasty is overwhelming, but it is split up into factions, represented by ambitious leaders. The great bulk of the people are honest and laborious, but the professed politicians of Spain are, in general, men of little political knowledge and less patriotism. A ministerial crisis is of constant occurrence, and ministry succeeds ministry with extraordinary frequency. The Zorrilla cabinet, which entered into office in July last, with honest professions of the strictest morality and uprightness in all departments of the government, was defeated a few months afterwards by a factious vote and resigned. Senor Zorrilla, after Prim, is the ablest of the Progressista leaders, and a statesman of broad and liberal views; and to him, perhaps more than any of her leading men, has Spain to look for guidance in the future.

The Malcampo ministry, which succeeded that of Zorrilla in September last, and which also had a short-lived existence, had for its finance minister Senor Angulo. This ministry will be remembered as having initiated the proposal to levy a tax of eighteen per cent. on the external debt of Spain. An attempt at partial repudiation so unjustifiable is a disheartening circumstance to all well-wishers of Spain; but it is not the fault of the Spanish nation, nor of its brave and honourable king; it is the fault of crafty, designing, and dishonest politicians, who have controlled the destiny of Spain, that she has such a large annual expenditure and such an enormous debt. In endeavouring to put down the rebellion in Cuba, Spain has sacrificed from 75,000 to 80,000 of her best troops, and severely drained the resources of her treasury. It would be to the manifest advantage of the country to part with Cuba, but this is too much for the pride of the Spaniards. The government of King Amadeo is as resolute in its endeavours to subjugate the insurgent Cubans as was the government of Prim; indeed, his Majesty declared in full council that he only wished he were allowed to sail for Cuba, in order to conduct the war. During the brief period of his reign, King Amadeo has acted with rare good sense and discretion. He has largely gained the affections of the Spanish people. The son of Victor Emmanuel and the grandson of Charles Albert of Sardinia, he has respected to the utmost the rules of constitutional government. But as yet he has scarcely overcome preliminary obstacles; a great career lies before him. He has to secure the loyalty of the Cubans; in matters of finance to establish the principles of probity and honour; and in the internal government of Spain to abate prevailing corruption, and also to draw around his throne all honest and unselfish politicians. A new era of moral and material progress may then be expected to dawn on the long misgoverned country, which will be the best guarantee for the continuance of the rule of King Amadeo, hitherto so full of promise, and for the permanent establishment of the House of Savoy on the throne of Spain.

J. H.

## THE CROW-BOY.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

THE crow-boy begins his season at that period of the year when winter is passing into spring. More than a month before the 20th of March, which is the date assigned in the almanacks to the commencement of spring, the crow-boy will be at his work; and, if at no other period of his life, he is certainly destined in his youth to make a noise in the world. Unless he is noisy, his occupation is gone; and, it must be confessed that, to a nervous person who lives within earshot of a crow-boy, his vociferations and clappings are anything but agreeable. He outdoes the priests of Baal with the sameness and length of his cries; beginning them in the early dawn of the morning, and sustaining them until the shadows of evening have closed around him, and his winged enemies have sought their nests in "the rooky wood." From six to six is the allotted time for his work; and during those twelve hours he must brave the rain, hail, and snow, and face the keen nor'-easters, about which his feelings will probably not be in harmony with those of the poetical divine who wrote an ode

in its praise; though it could be hoped that he should follow the advice of that same author in his sermon on "God's world":—"The poor solitary untaught boy, who minds the birds, long lonely days, far from his mother and his playmates, may keep alive in him all purifying thoughts, if he will but open his eyes and look at the green earth around him. Think now, my boys, when you are at your work, how all things may put you in mind of God, if you do but choose. The birds which you drive off the corn, who gave them the sense to keep together and profit by each other's wit and keen eyesight? Who but God, who feeds the young birds when they call on him?"

The crow-boy's work is, undoubtedly, hard, monotonous, and lonely; and it not only robs him of his schooling, but it deprives him also of his Sunday's rest. "Where is your brother Tommy?" asks the parson of little Molly Green, as she sits in her accustomed place at school. "If you please, sir," is the reply, "he's gone a scaring." And when, after a long interval, Tommy Green gets back for a little more schooling, it is found that his brains have gone a scaring, and it takes many weeks to get them back again. "But, can't you come to the Sunday school?" says the parson, when he seeks out Tommy Green in the field. "No, sir," replies Tommy, "I have to scare all Sunday, and the master never gives me nothing for it." And the parson finds, on inquiry, that such is really the case, not only in that instance and in that spot, but elsewhere also in other counties. Three shillings a week is the crow-boy's pay; but, though he has sixpence a day on the week-days, there is no Sabbath of rest for him on the Sunday; and he is compelled to make his master a present of twelve hours' labour. Cowper, in his humorous poem of "Titling-time," asks, "Oh, why are farmers made so coarse?" and he might also add, "and griping." A halfpenny an hour for the crow-boy's work, in all weathers, could scarcely be called excessive wages by the most rigid economist; and it could barely pay for the wear and tear of his clothes and shoe-leather. There is also the valuable time that he is losing from school; but perhaps this may be rectified now that he has compulsory education in his wake, and presently a crow-boy not in his teens will be a creature of the past.

It may also be questioned whether the crow-boy is not being made to do more harm than good in thus scaring birds, whose chief food would be those objects that are deleterious to the crops. The distinguished naturalist Mr. Edward Wilson, assisted by M. Florent-Prevost, examined the contents of rooks' stomachs during every month of the year, and found their food to have been as follows:—January, field mice and grubs of cockchafer; February, the same and red worms; March, larvæ and chrysalids; April, slugs, worms, and chrysalids; May, beetles, larvæ, prawns, and wire-worms; June, cockchafers, eggs of birds, and wood-boring beetles; July, young birds, beetles, etc.; August, birds, field mice, weevils, grasshoppers, crickets, etc.; September, grubs and worms; October, grasshoppers, ground-beetles, and young animals; November, young rabbits, different insects and grubs; December, different animals and decaying substances. But, the farmer declines to believe in the value of rooks and small birds, and refuses to recognise them as feathered friends—"Nature's soldiers, who keep in subjection the inferior animals." And so the crow-boy is taken

from school, and rewarded with a halfpenny an hour to scare the rooks from their natural food.

With the clapper in his hand, vigorously rattling it as he goes, and ever and anon shouting and yelling as though wild Indians were in sight, the little lad strides over the field where the wheat is thrusting its tender spears of emerald green through the brown clods, or through that lighter ruddy soil of many a midland tract, where, in the Laureate's words, "the earth is redder than a fox." As the rooks will impudently settle down at one end of the field while the crow-boy is engaged at the other end, he has to quicken his pace and make himself as ubiquitous as possible, until he succeeds in scaring his enemies to less protected cornfields, or views them winging their way to the clanging rookery in the squire's park. Sometimes the crow-boy has no clapper, and depends entirely on the resources of his voice; and although the organisation of his throat may not be so delicate as that of an eminent tenor, yet, at the end of twelve hours' shouting and yelling, he returns home, literally "as hoarse as a crow."

A far greater nuisance to a sensitive ear, before the gun-tax days, was the blunderbuss crow-boy; often a terror, and, occasionally, a cause of danger either to himself or others. Armed with an antique and rusty weapon, which is formidable rather from its defects than from being an effective arm of musketry, the blunderbuss crow-boy startles the placid stroller from his propriety, and enjoys all the excitement of battue shooting without any of the attendant expense. Doubtless, he finds as much sport in disturbing a flight of noisy rooks as in blindly discharging a muzzle-loader into a sky that is temporarily clouded by the bursting of a sky-rocket "bouquet" of pheasants. In the debate on Mr. Lowe's budget, April 11th, 1870, Mr. Read, the member for West Norfolk, protested against the proposed tax of £1 on firearms, on the ground that it would be making the crow-boy pay as heavily as the pheasant-shooter; and that where three guns were kept for the latter purpose, a dozen were kept for the former. He thought, therefore, that the proposed tax "would seriously injure the agricultural interest," and would, in truth, be "a tax upon the production of cheap food;" and he entreated the Chancellor of the Exchequer to "exempt the farmer from the duty on farm-guns." Mr. Bernal Osborne, on the following evening, spoke to the same effect concerning "the poor urchin who fired a gun to frighten away the crows;" and thought it hard that the proposed tax should place the crow-boy "on a level" with the pheasant-shooter; to which Mr. Lowe promptly replied that, if the honourable member for Waterford should be accidentally shot by a crow-boy, "he would soon find himself on the same level as though he had been shot at by the most aristocratic sportsman with a breech-loader of the most improved construction." Mr. Lowe very truly observed that the rural custom of arming a crow-boy with a gun was often an effectual way of training him to be a poacher.

The foregoing are specimens of the living and perambulating scarecrows. The ordinary scarecrows of the dead and dummy order, are figures like a dissipated fifth-of-November guy, or hapless crows hung by the neck as a warning to their fellows. But it was not long ago that I suddenly came in close quarters with an improved species of scarecrow. It was at the edge of night, and there was a driving, drizzling rain. Crossing over a field-path, I saw, on

the summit of a knoll, not many yards off, a wild weird figure, that looked like a cross between one of Macbeth's witches and Mrs. Gamp. This figure, whose garments waved in the wind, turned and twisted round, and moved her arms up and down



A NOVEL AND EFFECTIVE SCARECROW.

in a very ghostly manner. A rattling sound accompanied the movement. I had the curiosity, the next morning, to examine this figure by daylight. It was dressed in a woman's gown and poke-bonnet, and it was mounted on to the wheel of an old wheelbarrow, which wheel was loosely fixed, in a horizontal position, on a central piece of wood, so that it could move or revolve, as on a pivot, with a very slight motion of the wind. The arms were also made to hang loosely, and the wind stirred them, and, occasionally, made their ends to rattle against each other. What effect the whirling, fluttering figure had upon the crows, I am not prepared to state; but, undoubtedly, its effect on a sensitive person, when seen in the gathering gloom of the evening, would be singularly startling, and sufficient to scare human beings, if not crows.

## THIRTY YEARS OF THE REIGN OF VICTORIA.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY JOHN TIMBS.

111.

THE coronation of her Majesty the Queen took place on the 28th of June, 1838. The ceremony was conducted, in most respects, after the abridged precedent of the coronation of William IV, which had been "shorn of its beams" in comparison with the magnificence of the coronation of George IV: the walking procession of all the estates of the realm, and the banquet in Westminster Hall, being dispensed with, the consequence was that while the coronation of George IV cost nearly a quarter of a million of money, that of Queen Victoria cost only £70,000; but, in point of effect, the latter far surpassed the former; for in this, the confiding loyalty of a nation, already proud of their young Queen, and full of the brightest hopes of a long and happy future, under a virtuous rule, gave a colour and a life to every incident which no extrinsic glitter, no cumbersome court ceremonial, could supply. Yet, curiously

enough, in one respect there was a coincidence: her Majesty's robe, which is one of the most superb pieces of manufacture imaginable, is ten yards in length, and of the same pattern as the robe worn by George IV at his coronation. It was chosen by the Queen from a number of patterns, and manufactured by the same artist as the King's. The artist possessed the cones and patterns then used. The ground, or warp, is of rich gold-coloured silk, and the shoot consists of gold and silver twists, and silks of various shades, twenty different shuttles being in work at the same time. The principal surface resembles massive gold; and the figures, which are bold and considerably raised, are truly magnificent—those of the imperial crown, the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, are very beautiful. The eagle, the *fleur-de-lis*, and other foreign national emblems, are also very prominent. The imperial State crown of her Majesty Queen Victoria was made by Rundell and Bridge in 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by command of her Majesty. It is accurately described by Professor Tennant, the well-known mineralogist.

Moreover, whilst the challenge and the banquet of feudal times were foregone, the outdoor procession for the gratification of the people was lengthened, extending up Constitution Hill, and thence down Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, etc.; and so presenting to hundreds of thousands the gratification of seeing their Sovereign on her way to, and her return from, the sacred edifice where she received the crown of her ancestors. London had little rest all the day and night which preceded that auspicious 28th of June. The provinces, too, were still pouring in their thousands—not by copious streams of railway, as now, but, tediously, by mail and stage coach and post-horse, but still contributing, it is said, to the number of 400,000. Long before sunrise, all London and its suburbs, and the villages and hamlets for miles round, had become, as it were, deserted, their inhabitants thronging into the city of Westminster, where the event of the day was to take place. A new Royal Standard was raised, for the first time, upon the arch of Buckingham Palace. This silk standard, for State occasions, is thirty feet long and eighteen feet deep, and cost nearly £200; the flag-staff, placed upon the attic of the arch, was eighty feet from the ground. At ten o'clock, salvos of artillery announced the departure of the Queen and the royal suite. The splendour of our State processions is well known. The principal novel features of that day's were the splendid equipages of the Ambassadors Extraordinary, which were all new for the occasion, the Yeagers in their superb uniforms being very conspicuous. On the Queen reaching the western door of Westminster Abbey the edifice was crowded within by spectators admitted by tickets, most of whom (and among them my informant) had been in their places since the opening of the doors at four o'clock. "The appearance of the young Queen had the magical life-giving effect of a sun-ray upon a world of unrest. The waking and watching of the past night were at once forgotten; the sleepiest eye brightened up with new fire as the glittering array of one of the most interesting processions in our nation's history passed along beneath the venerable pile. It was remarked of the Queen, as she walked up the nave, that her slight girlish figure was evidently oppressed with the weight of the embroidered robes appropriated to the occasion.

More than once she raised her small hands to lift the load from her shoulders; and, as this simple natural action was noticed by the numerous assembly, many a fervent prayer was breathed that that burden might be the heaviest Victoria might have to wear throughout her reign, now solemnly inaugurating. Of the ceremonial which ensued, and the touching incidents with which it was marked, I have not room to speak; sure I am, however, that the remembrance of them will never be effaced from the minds of those who were present. At a quarter to four, the Queen, wearing now her crown, and carrying her sceptre and the orb, moved in procession, out at the west door; and, as she went upon her sacred mission of love and duty, many a voice exclaimed, 'God bless her!' The ceremony had been protracted and wearisome, and at its close her Majesty required a long interval of rest ere she quitted the abbey."

In the evening the whole town was illuminated, the theatres were thrown open to the public free of payment, and fireworks were displayed in the Green Park. The Queen gave a splendid banquet to a hundred guests; and amongst parties given in honour of the event was a grand ball at the Duke of Wellington's, for which 2,000 invitations were issued. Furthermore, for the gratification of the general public a fair was held in Hyde Park, which was open two days.

Before leaving these references to royalty, I may introduce an interesting note about the late king.

Of the last moments of King William IV, I find the following interesting account in a letter in the "Autographic Mirror," from Queen Adelaide to the late Duke of Cambridge. "Dearest Sir," writes the widowed Queen, "I really do not know how to thank you sufficiently for your most kind letter, and for all the affectionate expressions you use to me; believe me, though I may not express well what I feel, yet I do feel, and love you, dear Duke of Cambridge, very, very sincerely. The death of my beloved king has been the greatest sorrow I have ever experienced, not excepting my mother's death, for her sufferings and ill-health had long prepared me for that grief; but he was the most kind and indulgent friend I ever had, and every day and every circumstance endeared him more and more to those who lived with him, and could appreciate his excellence. There never was so unselfish a man—he was the most patient in pain, and showed a perfectly religious resignation and fortitude at the approach of death; in short, I am sure we shall never again see his like, nor do I wish it, for it is only a source of sorrow to become as attached as one cannot avoid being to such a character."

Among the memorable scientific triumphs of this year (1838) were our first steaming across the Atlantic, and the opening of four railways from the metropolis. By the first of these events a great problem was solved, and in a manner that left no doubt of steam communication being maintainable with America under all circumstances. The "Sirius," of London, and the "Great Western," of Bristol, had the honour of first accomplishing this great object, and nearly simultaneously. This year assuredly forms a remarkable epoch in the history of steam navigation, and fills us with wonder at the advances made since the year 1814, when one steam-boat, of sixty-nine tons burden, floated in solitude

on the British waters! The first railway opened was the London and Greenwich line, on which there were conveyed within two years, 2,974,801 persons, without a single accident; and thus displacing the coach traffic between London and Greenwich, which averaged 4,000 persons a day.

The same year, which seemed the starting-time of many memorable developments of human progress, also was announced the Daguerreotype, one of the most important discoveries in the fine arts that have distinguished the present century. Many years before, M. Niepce had shown the result of his sketches on metal to the Royal Society; and Sir John Herschel had proved the analogous effect of the blackening property of paper washed with a solution of nitrate of silver, when exposed to the sun's rays; and Mr. Fox Talbot had matured, amid the solemnity of Lacock Abbey, those beautiful effects which he gave to the world as Talbotypes. These results were associated in the "Annus Mirabilis" of 1838, of a truth belonging to the poetry of science.

In the summer of this year I was induced to give up the editorship of the "Mirror," a resolution which I did not take without much sacrifice of feeling in parting from one whose interests I had watched and studied for eleven long years, through a season of hope and promise, when men are past "crying for their cake," and are becoming impatient for "fresh fields and pastures new." For the proprietor of the "Mirror" I cherished unvarying respect, which was returned with kindness and liberality; but, although not a man of stern resolves, I felt that the time for a change was at hand.

At this time my friend Mr. Robert Best Ede, the intelligent printer, at Dorking, was projecting, with my early friend, Mr. Britton, the publication of a new History of the County of Surrey, which it was agreed, with Mr. Britton's assistance, I should write. Manning and Bray's "Surrey," in three folio volumes, had then been published thirty-four years, but neither in its high price nor its general character was it suited for the general reader. Our projected work was well patronised by the gentry of the county, many of whom offered engravings of seats gratuitously. Hardly were a few visits made to notable localities, when I was struck down by typhoid, and long suffering ensued; the projectors grew alarmed, and, in the simoom of fever, I relinquished the labour. I had written a dozen pages of the History (the British and Roman period), a perplexing field for the topographer and antiquary, even with Horsley's folio, "Britannia Romana," for the text-book, and endless searches after British trackways and Roman roads, upon portions of which are laid the modern railway. At the request of Mr. Britton, the continuation of the work was handed over to Mr. E. W. Brayley, and completed in five library volumes, though he had not the candour to acknowledge in the preface the share I had taken in a difficult portion of it. Mr. Ede died before the conclusion of the publication, which, however, was honourably finished by his widow. It is a trustworthy work: the geological section, by the accomplished Gideon Mantell, is a model of scientific writing for unscientific people.

In 1839 I commenced the publication of the "Year Book of Facts in Science and Art," an improvement upon the "Arcana of Science," which I had hitherto published since the year 1827. The sale more than trebled that of the "Arcana of

Science;" and the "Year Book" is now in its thirty-third year; besides two extra volumes describing the Great Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862. That for 1851 is illustrated with a fine portrait of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, engraved from the picture painted by F. Say for the University of Cambridge. The Prince wears his chancery's state robes; the picture has not been elsewhere engraved. The first "Year Book" chronicled among its wonders the construction of some dozen Ocean Steamers; the crossing of the Atlantic Ocean by steam-power; the discovery of the North-West Passage; and the determination of the parallax of the fixed stars. One of the products of the year was a new mode of lighting, by the admixture of the vapour of various hydrocarbons with atmospheric air, so as to produce an illumination equal in brilliancy to that of the purest gas; the power of light from a ten-hole burner equalling that of 22½ wax-candles; the cost being half the price of gas. The invention had been a long and costly labour, a single set of experiments having cost £500. But the working of the invention did not succeed in detail, and the entire capital invested, some £40,000 or £50,000, was lost!

In the spring of this year I commenced the publication of the "Literary World," a weekly sheet, with fine illustrations, the first of which was a clever engraving of the monument to be erected to Sir Walter Scott in his native city, Edinburgh, from the design of G. M. Kemp, who, in his early days, was a working carpenter, and became a self-educated architect. The monument is a Gothic structure, about 185 feet high, with exquisite details, mostly taken from Melrose Abbey. While it was in course of construction, Kemp unhappily lost his life by falling into a canal one dark evening, in the course of his homeward walk.

I must here say a few words of the most excellent rector of Colechurch, who was a priest and chaplain of St. Mary Colechurch, and began to build the first stone London Bridge, the names of the benefactors towards which were hung up in St. Thomas's Chapel, built in the middle of the bridge. The donation of King Henry II was, doubtless, there. The King's gift, however, is supposed to have been, in fact, the gift of the people, being the produce of a tax upon wool; and hence arose the absurd tradition that London Bridge was built upon woolpacks. The building which Peter of Colechurch thus began, took as long to complete as Solomon's temple, for thirty-three years were employed in erecting it. Ere that period, however, the charitable priest who designed it, the learned architect and wise builder who watched its progress, went the way of all flesh. In the lower chapel on the bridge did the pious architect propose to rest his bones. His monument, remarkable for its plainness, was under the chapel staircase; and from the Annals of Waverley we knew that the relics of Peter were certainly entombed in this place. "In 1205," runs the passage, "died Peter, the chaplain of Colechurch, who began the stone bridge at London, and he is sepulchred in the chapel upon the bridge."

Reasoning upon this statement, Mr. Brayley, in his *Londiniana*, conjectured "that if due care be taken when the old bridge is fallen down, as most probably it will be in the course of two or three years, the bones and ashes of its venerable architect will still be found." This was written in the year 1828, and true enough, in taking down the bridge early in January, 1832, the bones of old Peter were found in

removing the centre pier some six centuries and a half after their interment there. They were dug up "from under the floor of the chapel piers," but that due attention was not paid to their preservation which respect for the memory of the architect demanded. Mr. William Knight, the principal acting engineer of the new bridge, told the writer that the bones in question were not preserved, but thrown into the barge alongside the pier, which received the rubbish.

About this time I first made the acquaintance of one who afterwards occupied a unique place in London life, and who deserves a special memorial in these recollections—Albert Smith. I was accustomed to meet him at certain periodical festivals beneath the shade of St. Bride's, Blackfriars, on Christmas Eve, New Year's Eve, and Twelfth Night,—and there to welcome the joyous peals of the adjoining church. Smith was usually the life and soul of these gatherings, where he sang his patter songs until he was hoarse, and told his funny stories until the small hours. He had then scarcely attained his twentieth year, but with his exuberance of spirits,—despite an unmusical voice,—like unflagging quicksilver ever on the move, and with all this, delighting to amuse those around him, it was plain to see that he was "to the manner born" for the successful illustration of life and manners. His keenness of observation, versatility of mind, and easy good-humour; his cheerful alacrity, hearty good-fellowship, and relish for small amusements, were untiring. What he had seen and felt he represented with great facility and a sound judgment. It was a great part of Mr. Smith's fun to laugh at romances, to explode fables, to expose humbugs, to take the jocularly sensible view of every subject. He succeeded in pleasing the public, because he represented ordinary Englishmen so well, and fell in with so many of their opinions. He swam strongly, but it was with the tide. He used to inform his hearers that he was no scholar, and took credit for not knowing the learned languages. Still, he knew how to find his way to the hearts of an English audience; and rarely do we see a man so well adapting himself to a pursuit suitable to him.

Albert Smith was born in 1816, in the rural village of Chertsey, in Surrey, where figured tiles and tessellated pavements—the remains of the famous abbey—or the house of Cowley, the poet,—had less attraction for Albert Smith than the Saxon curfew, still rung, and its monkish inscription, the tradition of which he wrought in his youth into a slight story, entitled "Blanche Heriot." Smith was educated at Merchant Taylors' school; studied medicine at the Middlesex Hospital; and became a member of the College of Surgeons in 1838; after which he continued his studies at the Hôtel Dieu and Clamart, in Paris, and, on his return to England, practised with his father as a surgeon at Chertsey. Meanwhile he had published a pamphlet entitled "Arguments against Phrenology," 1837, in which the leading question proposed was "Whether the external form of the head corresponds to the external surface of the brain?" in which the writer demolishes, with good-natured satire and quiet humour, the theory of the phrenologists. In 1838 he contributed to the "Mirror" a series of "Sketches in Paris;" and next he wrote, for the "Medical Times," "Jasper Buddle; or, the Confessions of a Dissecting-room Porter." Next year commenced his contributions to the "Literary World," one of

which, the "Passage of the Great St. Bernard," was the first of the series of *vivâ voce* sketches of travel by which he eventually realised a handsome fortune. These papers included tales and sketches, from 1839 to 1840, which were written more in friendship than with other inducement. Among them were his "Sketches of Evening Parties," which were reproduced in "Punch," and were reprinted, twice or thrice, in a separate volume, of which large editions were sold. The "Literary World" was not commercially successful, although it won golden opinions from other journals. Theodore Hook, in the "John Bull," pronounced it to be "without fault," and "its tone to be that which is best suited to good and general society." Upon its suspension I received from my valuable contributor an invitation to spend a day with him. I went to Chertsey, and a jolly day we had of it; not forgetting the walk to Addlestone, and the purchase of a right royal carved oak arm-chair and footstool, which Smith's father somewhat irreverently termed "antiquarian lumber," though he at the same time sent me a seal-handle which he had carved from one of the piles of old London Bridge!

I may here mention the shoal of little shilling books—The Natural Histories of the "Gent," "Stuck-up People," "The Idler," etc., which Smith poured forth most rapidly, and the publisher, David Bogue, sold by thousands. Yet the first of these little books lay for six months incomplete at the printer's; but the author, in addition to the copy-money, was eventually presented by the publisher with a hundred-pound bank-note. Smith was now a fast-rising contributor to the magazines, especially to "Bentley's Miscellany," which retains to this day George Cruikshank's hilarious design on its wrapper, and which continued to prosper, notwithstanding Mr. Dickens's secession from the editorship. In this Miscellany first appeared Smith's "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," "The Scattergood Family," "The Marchioness of Brinvilliers," and "The Pottleton Legacy," all of which were reprinted in various forms—from the costly three volumes to the shilling's-worths of railway stalls. The number sold of these novels must have been enormous. Smith also contributed occasionally to "Blackwood's Magazine," the "Keepsake," the "Book of Beauty," and other annuals; and he was for several years the dramatic critic of the "Illustrated London News," to which journal he also contributed many columns of pictorial drolleries. He wrote several songs for John Parry; he could improvise, write prologues and epilogues, and was ever ready to assist a needy artist. Meanwhile, he well understood the small aids to popularity, the earliest of which was Bagniet's clever portrait of our author drawn on stone. Albert was ever ready with the latest conundrum, and created by his mimicry uproarious delight among a roomful of children. In 1841 Smith contributed to a journal of light sketches entitled the "Cosmorama;" and next, to "Punch, or the London Charivari," of which more hereafter.

In 1849 he made an excursion to the East, and on his return published "A Month at Constantinople," and produced his entertainment of travel, the Overland Mail. Next year he made the ascent of Mont Blanc, upon which perilous journey was founded his entertainment, first given at the Egyptian Hall, March 15, 1852. A paper had appeared in January, in "Blackwood's Magazine;" but the author gave it the form of a personal narrative on

the first or "private" night, and the audience consisted of invited guests, who were served with refreshments. Beverly painted some charming scenes of the localities in the ascent, and a proscenium: all these appurtenances cost the author upwards of a thousand pounds. For this entertainment, which is too well known to require description, in the two seasons 1852 and 1853, there paid for admission 193,754 persons, upwards of £17,000! There were 471 representations; and one morning representation, privately, to Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Alfred, at the Egyptian Hall, June 28, 1852.

Such was the success of "the show." The narrative of the "Ascent" was reprinted from "Blackwood," for private circulation only. It is, altogether, Albert Smith's best literary work, and has a maturity and finish which will last. The Mont Blanc attracted the Queen to the Egyptian Hall in 1854, and her Majesty was pleased to send Smith a diamond scarf-pin, in testimony of her gratification. The Mont Blanc was given in 1855, for the thousandth time. For the third season the exhibition hall was re-fitted as a Swiss *châlet*, and the galleries as those of Bernese *châlets*. For a new entertainment the author visited China, and made of his experiences "Mont Blanc to China," which was delivered before her Majesty and the Royal Family, April 14, 1859. Of the entertainment the author wrote a sort of handbook, in which he described his reception by the Chinese, though at first they were greatly puzzled what to make of him, so tickled were they with his drollery. All the proceeds of this performance were given to the charities, on finding which the Chinese *ai-ayed* with astonishment, and conveyed Albert to the steamer in a handsome sedan chair, with all the paraphernalia of a celestial procession: music to drive away demons; flags, with devices setting forth his virtues and talents; and he embarked amidst fire-crackers, to propitiate the elements for his safe voyage home. He was literally overwhelmed with Chinese *curios*. Of the exhibition room he gives a most interesting page, describing these presents, which were so many vouchers for the authenticity of the "show." Much of its ordering was due to Albert Smith's brother Arthur, who possessed peculiar tact for management. By the way, I scarcely remember two brothers so devoted to each other's interests. Success does not, however, always bring long life to enjoy it. Smith's career had been a life of hard work, that told upon a system which had no relief from intensity. The wear and tear of entertaining the public is one of the most destructive pursuits a man can follow. The Queen, after hearing his Mont Blanc, is known to have tenderly expressed her sympathy for the exertion. I remember to have met Smith in Piccadilly, when I promised to dine with him in the following week; and, said he, "I will bring you up to the show afterwards." But his health failed, and the day never came. A few evenings after, I read in the "Sun" newspaper an obituary memoir of my dear friend. This proved to be untrue, but he died a few days after (May, 1860), at Northend, the village wherein resided Foote, the comedian; and where Richardson, the novelist, wrote "Sir Charles Grandison" and "Clarissa Harlowe."

Such is my record of the characteristics of Albert Smith, during my friendship with him for more than twenty-five years. He was an affectionate son, as well as kind and generous in all the relations of life.

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



JOHN'S VISIT.

## WITHOUT INTENDING IT;

OR, JOHN TINCROFT, BACHELOR AND BENEDICT.

CHAPTER XXVII.—MR. RUBRIC'S LETTER.

It was no easy matter for John Tincroft to settle himself down again in his dull college room. His thoughts would wander to the not very distant past in spite of himself and his resolutions. Especially he thought with some indignation and disgust of the treatment he had received from young

Wilson, but he checked himself in this direction. "I should have been unreasonable, too, if I had been in his place, and he or anybody else in mine," he said to himself. "And I have brought all this mortification on myself by my monstrous folly."

Then his reflections shifted to the unhappy damsel at High Beech Farm. "If it hadn't been for me," he sadly argued, "she might have had a husband, or been looking forward to one, who if not a very kind one—for I don't believe he would have been

kind to her—nor a very wealthy one, would at least have rescued her from her miserable home, and been her bread-winner and protector. And now—”

But what was the use of thinking all this? What more could John do to undo the mischief he had wrought? He did not know. As to thinking of Sarah Wilson as his own wife,—the idea was too preposterous to be entertained. No doubt, to a certain extent, and in a certain way, the young person had pleased him. It had been agreeable to him to gaze on her flaxen locks, her blue sparkling eyes, and all the rest of those personal charms; and he had been foolish enough to give himself up to the soft delirium. But Tincroft knew, when he came to think of it, that, even supposing he were in a condition to marry, and supposing also that Sarah Wilson would take him as a husband, she was no more suited to him than he was to her.

But he was *not* in a position to take a wife. His patrimony had been almost swallowed up in that unhappy chancery suit, which, notwithstanding the new witness who had come forward on his side, seemed to be as far off as ever from its termination; for whether her testimony would be of the least use in the world began to be questioned. Well then, what had he to look forward to but his appointment in India? And should he marry in England, under present circumstances, at any rate, the appointment would have to be abandoned. And then—

And so John went on meditating; and all the schooling he had given himself was inoperative here; for was he not right in considering his ways?

He had not ceased these considerations, which so sorely disturbed his peace by day, and broke his rest by night, when, about a month after his return from his unsuccessful mission in the north, he received a letter from Mr. Rubric, which put the coping-stone upon his massive fabric of self-reproaches. We give the letter entire.

“My dear Tincroft,”—so the letter began. “My dear Tincroft,—I am afraid that what I have to write will distress you; and I would spare you the pain, only that I believe it will be succeeded by the satisfaction you will undoubtedly feel, if it should be in your power to give some little assistance in the case I am about to mention.

“The short of the matter is, your friends at High Beech, in whom you have taken so much kindly interest, are just now plunged in deeper sorrow than even when you were last in this neighbourhood. Poor Mark Wilson is dead; so as far as this world is concerned, his troubles, self-wrought as they were, are over. His health, already undermined by his many years’ excesses, broke down soon after his relinquishment of the farm; and he never rallied. It was hoped by some that he would have been led to reflection by the blow which had descended upon him, and that he would have awoke to a sense of his former conduct, so as to have become a wiser, if a sadder man. But his misfortunes did not have this effect upon him.

“We are told on the highest authority that though the spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity, the burden of a wounded spirit is insupportable. It was so with Mark Wilson. There had been a time when it was said of him that he was a good fellow, and nobody’s enemy but his own. A wretched fallacy, this, when said of any one; for we know that none of us liveth to himself; and that no man can injure himself without injury being inflicted or re-

flected upon others. Mark’s experience must have taught him this; but instead of turning from the vices which had ruined him and his, he clung to them to the last, desperately abandoning himself to intemperance: and so he died; and was buried not many days ago.

“And now comes my story. Not only are the widow and daughter in deep distress on account of this bereavement—for they had not lost all love, though they must long since have parted with any real respect for the unhappy man—but they are in positive destitution. I am afraid the brother, Matthew Wilson, is not kindly disposed. No doubt he had much to try him in respect of Mark; and he may feel that he is not bound to keep his sister-in-law and niece in idleness. At any rate, whatever may be his feelings, he has announced to them that they must leave the house, which, such as it is, he wants for his son George, who is about to be married; and that he has no intention of continuing the weekly payments he made to his brother whilst living, under pretence of being wages for his work on the farm.

“I have laid the case before our friend, Mr. Richard Grigson. But, I am sorry to say, his prejudices are, at present, so strong on the subject, that he declines to interfere in any way. He says, truly enough, that he lost much money by Mark Wilson as a tenant; and he gives this as a reason for throwing off any kind of solicitude for the wife and daughter of the unhappy man. He says, also, that there are better born and bred women than Mrs. Mark in the parish poorhouse, and she must go there; while the daughter must make up her mind to go to service. And no doubt this is a utilitarian way of looking at the subject; but it presses very hardly upon the widow and the fatherless girl, in both of whom I am bound to take an interest as my own parishioners.

“My object in writing to you, dear Tincroft, is simply to ask if you are able, and feel disposed, to assist me in helping these poor creatures. I have an idea that if a little time were given to them, some plan might be devised for their advantage, at any rate to save one of them from the degradation of pauperism. Perhaps, indeed, domestic service might be the best thing for Sarah Wilson, if she could be brought to see it so; but then the mother must be left untended; and it appears to me that the daughter’s proper place at present is home, if a home can be procured—to say nothing of the poor child’s unfitness for hard work among strangers, for servant-girls in these parts have very little kindness or sympathy shown to them in general. I am doing what I can, but I am quite, or almost, working alone in the matter; and any small mite, if you can intrust it in my hands, shall be used to the best of my ability on their behalf. Only remember, dear friend, the old saying, ‘*Bis dat qui cito dat.*’

“I am, etc., etc.,

“THEOPHILUS RUBRIC.”

There was a postscript to this letter, as follows:—

“I should not have written to you on this matter but for the part you have recently taken in Sarah Wilson’s affairs, and for my entire trust in your strict honour. I know that Sarah can be nothing to you more than an object of sympathy and kindness; and I deeply regret that any former unfortunate *contretemps*, misunderstood at the time, should ever have led me to do you a moment’s injustice. Pray pardon me.

"I may as well add that Walter Wilson has written a letter home, which I have seen, and which proves to a certainty that he will never be reconciled to his unfortunate cousin."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—TWENTY POUNDS.

JOHN TINCROFT read Mr. Rubric's letter, paced his room silently, then re-read it. When he came to the postscript, he not only read but studied it.

"I don't precisely see what it means," he said to himself; "but there's one thing to do, that's plain; I must see Mr. Roundhand. I suppose he will let me have it."

In another five minutes the gownsman, equipped in his academics, was making his way across the High Street, and then through the Peckwater to St. Aldates.

"I want twenty pounds, Mr. Roundhand," said John to his lawyer, who was also to some extent his banker, inasmuch as he managed the young man's money affairs, such as they were, as well as his chancery suit.

"It is a curious thing," said the lawyer, laughing, "but I rarely meet with a man who does not want twenty pounds."

"You are right, I dare say," said John; "but I not only want it, but want you to supply the want."

Mr. Roundhand dropped his smile. "Really," he began, but Tincroft stopped him.

"I know what you are going to say,—that I have already drawn the greater part of this present quarter's interest. Never mind; it must be taken out of the next."

"I was going to say something more, friend Tincroft. Do you know the extent, or non-extent, of your present entire resources? I am afraid you have not studied the last statement I handed to you."

John acknowledged that he trusted so completely to his adviser, and placed himself so entirely in his hands, that he had scarcely glanced at the important document.

"Just so; as I supposed. And perhaps you will be surprised to learn that, what with your college expenses and the costs of your chancery suit, which I assure you are managed as economically as possible—"

"I wish the chancery suit were at the bottom of the sea," interpolated John.

"Yes, yes; but that is out of court altogether; and you would not want the Tincroft estate to bear the suit company, I suppose."

John did not know about that.

"But to go on with what I was saying," resumed the lawyer. "Would you be surprised to learn that all you have in the world amounts to—" and he whispered a few words in his client's ear.

John turned slightly pale; but he soon rallied. "I dare say you are right, Mr. Roundhand. But what you tell me only confirms me in what has been some time on my mind."

"And that is—"

"To have done with the chancery suit altogether."

"Impossible, my dear friend. It must go on—that is," added the lawyer, "until the whole estate itself is swallowed up—"

"In the sea? Well, that is what I said, isn't it?" John asked.

"Yes, in the sea, if you like; or the whirlpool of law, if you like it better. However, so the case stands; and sooner than give it up, I will carry it

on at my own cost. What do you think? Since I saw you last, I have been hunting up that Saddlebrook doctor's will in Doctors' Commons; have compared signatures, and submitted both to an expert; and—and we shall carry the day after all."

"Well, then," said Tincroft, who seemed very little elated with the promise which had been so often repeated and disappointed, that it was like the "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick"—"well, then, there will be less difficulty in your making the advance I ask for. I really must have that twenty pounds."

But Mr. Roundhand had something else to say. "Every pound you spend now—pray consider, Mr. Tincroft, for I only speak in your own interests—every pound you spend now, unnecessarily I mean, will be so much deducted from what you will positively require for your outfit to India."

"But if the chancery suit is so sure of being soon terminated in my favour, perhaps I shall not need to go to India after all," said John.

Mr. Roundhand shook his head doubtfully, as implying that the Tincroft estate might not, if obtained, hold out a sufficient inducement to alter his client's plans.

"At any rate, I question whether I shall not throw up the appointment," John added.

"You don't mean that, surely?" said the lawyer, "who was himself surprised now."

"It will depend on circumstances," said John, quietly; "and if my having the twenty pounds I want to-day, or not having it, were to make all the difference between my going to India or staying in England, I should take the money and stay."

"There's nothing more to be said, then," remarked Mr. Roundhand, "except that a wilful will will have its way, and that I don't understand you—"

"I doubt whether I understand myself," sighed John, inwardly.

"—but the money is yours to do what you like with, Mr. Tincroft;" and saying this, the lawyer opened his cheque-book, and filled up a cheque. "You know where to cash it," he added, as he placed it in John's hand.

Yes, John knew where to cash it. Ten minutes afterwards he was at the counter of the Oxford Old Bank, exchanging it for a crisp ten-pound Bank of England note, and the rest in gold.

The bank-note did not remain long in John Tincroft's possession. Hastening back to his room, it was securely enclosed and sealed up with black wax, in a sheet of Bath post, on which were scribbled these lines:—

"My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your confidence in me, and for having brought the distressing case to my knowledge. Please apply the enclosed as you best think fit, immediately; and do not be surprised should I follow in the course of a few days."

Having post-paid and posted this packet, John returned to his rooms, shut himself in, and was seen no more that day. The two next days he mechanically went the daily round of his early chapel and subsequent studies; but he was missed in the dining-hall. When Tom Grigson went on the second evening to see what ailed his friend, he found, to his surprise, that the outer door of John's room was fast shut.

"Sported the oak, has he?" said Tom to himself. "Never knew him do that before. What is the matter now, I wonder?"

## CHAPTER XXIX.—JOHN TINCROFT'S BOLD STROKE.

HELPLESS widow Mark and poor Sarah were seated together one chilly evening in spring, some ten days after the funeral, by a poor fire in their brick-floored kitchen. They had no attendant now, for the tender-hearted Meg had been dismissed on the giving up of the farm, so that all the work, rough and smooth, of the house had fallen almost entirely on Sarah, who had no time now to sit at her ease, the sultana of the shabby parlour, with its knobby-seated chairs, even if she had wished to do so. And for all other purposes, the kitchen did as well.

They were sadly disconsolate, the two poor women, and they were very lonely. As was to be expected, little sympathy had been shown to them by their relatives, even in the first hours of their bereavement; and that little had entirely ceased. Had they been of the labouring class, they would have fared better in this respect, for the poor, in a country village, at least, do feel for one another and help each other when in sorrow. But the Wilsons were above them, while those on their own level, or higher in station, "passed by on the other side."

The only one exception to this was found in our friend Mr. Rubric. Probably his position as parish clergyman laid a kind of obligation upon him to weep with those who wept. But besides this, he really and unofficially would have done the same thing if he had never worn a surplice nor had a bishop's hands laid on his head. We have seen how he had made friends of the mammon of unrighteousness on behalf of his destitute parishioners in the case of John Tincroft; and that, with a less satisfactory result, he had made the same efforts in other quarters.

It was owing to the assistance afforded by Mr. Rubric, backed up by John Tincroft's remittance, that the widow and her daughter were not already separated,—the first taking her way to the parish "refuge for the destitute," the second to the situation of "maid of all work," which had been offered her in a neighbouring farmer's domicile. But the time of parting, though postponed, was inevitable; and this evening they were helplessly and sorrowfully bemoaning their hard lot, not altogether waiving mutual reproaches of each other, and joint censures against the dead and buried, forgetful, if they had ever heard, of the charitable maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

A hesitating, timid knock at the door interrupted the painful talk, and on opening it, Sarah Wilson saw herself confronted by John Tincroft.

Her first impulse was to close the door in his face, and to run up-stairs and hide herself under the bed, or elsewhere; and no wonder, perhaps, as she looked upon John as the cause of her irreconcilable quarrel with her cousin and lover. She thought better of this, however, on remembering John's recent kindness—reflecting likewise that, in the former case, it was not Mr. Tincroft so much as her mischief-making cousin Elizabeth who was really in fault. So when the awkward and unexpected visitor stammered out an apology for his intrusion, she offered him her hand in amity, and invited him to walk in and draw up to the fire.

There was a strange alteration in John since she saw him last, the maiden thought. He was pale and thin, and looked troubled. The same thought crossed Tincroft's mind as he looked at Sarah. "Poor thing!" he mentally ejaculated; "she has passed

through deep waters, so no wonder she has lost some of the bloom I was so foolish as to admire." He did not say this, of course. Indeed, his eyes rested only for a moment on the younger woman.

"I heard of your great sorrow," said he, softly, turning to the widow, "only a few days ago, and I think you will believe that I feel deeply distressed on your account, Mrs. Wilson, and on your daughter's also. I could not rest till I had seen you," he added, "so I came down by the 'Tally-ho' as soon as I could get away from Oxford."

It was very good of Mr. Tincroft to think of them at all, Mrs. Mark sobbed. Sarah did not speak.

"And I am afraid, too," continued John, "that you have other sorrows besides that of your great loss."

The floodgates were opened now. Other sorrows! Yes, indeed! And then came out the old string and bead-roll of grievances, with many new beads added, about the unnatural conduct of Matthew Wilson to his poor brother while living, and of his cruelty to herself and Sarah since his death. Then there was Walter, too, and his base desertion of poor Sarah, who would now have to go out to service, while she herself, her widowed self—but there, it didn't matter what became of an old woman like her. A work-house was good enough, too good, in fact; and anyhow it wouldn't be for long. And then, overcome by her emotions, the unhappy bereaved broke out into loud wailings and hysterical tears, in the full flow of which she retired to her room above to "lay down for a bit" as she sobbed.

All this time the daughter had taken no part in the conversation, to which, indeed, she had seemed to pay but little heed. No doubt she was accustomed to these or similar complainings and outbursts of futile grief. She had her own sorrows to bear; but she endured them, if not more resignedly, certainly less noisily; but that she felt them, John was sure, when he glanced at her worn countenance, and the occasional nervous twitching of her upper lip.

"You have not spoken—you do not speak—of your own troubles, Miss Wilson," said he, presently, after an awkward silence when the mother had left the room.

"Why should I, Mr. Tincroft? What would be the use?" Sarah asked, impatiently.

"Perhaps not much, miss; except that sometimes the heart is relieved by the—the outspeaking of the mouth. It isn't the deepest-felt trials that are the loudest in general, I think. But if you will not speak of yours, may I put a few questions?" John timidly asked.

"It must be as you like, Mr. Tincroft."

John paused a second or two; then he said, still timidly,—

"It is true, I am afraid, that your uncle and aunt are unkind to you in your distress?"

"It seems so to us, Mr. Tincroft," replied Sarah, with a little of her old spirit flashing from her eyes; "but I dare say they would tell you different; and, if you please, I would rather not hear or say anything about them."

"Well, well, I will not distress you unnecessarily. But, believe me," said John, kindly, "I have reasons for asking. And will you mind telling me truly if—if you still have any—what shall I say?—any hope or expectation—you know what I mean?" went on poor Tincroft, scarcely knowing what he said, or how he said it.

"I *don't* know what you mean, sir," said Sarah, when John came to a sudden halt.

"You know," said he, changing his conversational position, "I took a journey down into the north, not so very long ago, in your interest, as I at the time firmly believed, Miss Wilson. I did this without asking your permission; but I hope my motive was not—has not been misinterpreted by you."

"I dare say you meant well, sir," said the young lady, coldly.

"But I did not do well. True, I candidly confess it; and I see now that the embassy was injured by the ambassador. At any rate, my journey proved worse than useless, as it then seemed. But possibly since then—I have reasons for asking, Miss Wilson—possibly since then your cousin Walter—"

"And if he had, sir," said Sarah, interpreting, as it seemed, what John was so methodically and carefully, but yet stumbingly, trying to enunciate; and, speaking with an energy and spirit with which he was inwardly pleased,—“if he had, do you think I would have listened to him after—” Sarah’s bosom heaved as she spoke, and her pent-up feelings found a vent in tears. Presently, when calmed down, she resumed, “I am much obliged to you, Mr. Tincroft, for your good meanings; but Walter Wilson is nothing to me now, nor will he ever be.”

Another awkward pause, and then again John broke the ice,—

"I have not much more to ask, Miss Wilson, and believe me when I assure you that mine are not idle and impertinent questions; but is it true that you have no other resource than that mentioned by your mother? Is it possible that you will have to go into domestic service?"

"It seems so, Mr. Tincroft; I don't know of anything else I am fit for, if I am fit for that," said Sarah, with quivering lips.

"You are fit for something better than that," said John, softly; "and you are fit for something better than I can offer. But if you wouldn't mind being a poor man's wife—" And here again John came to a pause.

"I don't know what you can mean, Mr. Tincroft." This was said in a tone of unfeigned surprise, accompanied by a look of alarmed pride. "I hope you don't mean to insult me because everybody else does the same."

"I am very far from intending this," replied John. "And I would not make you an offer if I could think of anything better for you. I know," he went on, "that in some respects we are not entirely suited to each other—at least, that I am not everything you might look for. I am a recluse, and shy, and much more that isn't agreeable; but I know I am honest in my wish to make you happy."

"Mr. Tincroft, what *do* you mean?" exclaimed Sarah, wildly.

And by degrees John told the damsel what he meant, namely, that the only compensation he could make to her for the unintentional mischief he had wrought was to take her himself for better, for worse, for richer or poorer, and so on, till death should them part. He begged her to understand that he was very poor, that he had no certain prospect of an income after the little that remained of his property was gone; for he had determined on giving up his appointment if Sarah would agree to his proposal. And as to the Tincroft estate of which he had once vainly boasted, he had lost all faith in

that. But there was enough, he went on to say, to maintain them (and Sarah's mother too, if she would live with them) in very strict economy for a year or two; and John thought he might get some employment in teaching, perhaps, or in some other way. But as he had always been under a cloud, so he expected to be to the end of the chapter. "And so, Miss Wilson, you see," added he, by way of summing up, "it is but little that I can offer you. Still, if you will accept it, I will promise to be your faithful husband."

Poor Sarah! She could scarcely believe her own ears for wild, blank amazement.

"I do not ask for your answer to-night, Miss Wilson," John said; and then he added, "I am staying with Mr. Rubrie, who knows why I came on here this evening, and he will call on you to-morrow for your decision. So let us say 'Good night' now."

Their hands met, and while John's trembled with excitement, he could feel that Sarah's was deadly cold. In another moment Sarah was left alone.

Then a low, sobbing cry broke from her, and the piteous exclamation, "Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do?" was followed by a flood of tears which relieved her full heart.

#### THE FIJI ISLANDS.\*

Two centuries ago the Fiji Islands were first discovered by Captain Cook; but with the exception of a band of convicts who escaped from Australia and settled in the Archipelago, no other Europeans visited it till about five-and-thirty years ago, when some Wesleyan missionaries from the Tonga, or, as they are more generally called, the Friendly Islands, gained a footing on one of the Windward Islands of the group. The visit of the United States Exploring Expedition, in 1840, brought the Fijis into notice, and they are now being rapidly colonised by white men, chiefly from Australia and New Zealand.

The Fijian Archipelago, containing above 200 islands, and extending about 300 miles from east to west, and 200 from north to south, is in the Pacific Ocean, midway between Tonga and New Caledonia. The climate is therefore tropical; but the trade winds moderate the heat, and probably render the islands healthy, diarrhoea and dysentery being the only climatic diseases, and seldom proving fatal except in cases where the constitution is shattered by drink.

The principal islands of the group are Viti Levu, Vanua Levu, Kandavu, Taviuni, Rambi, Koro, and Ovalau. The two first-named have each a circumference of 250 miles, and contain the bulk of the cotton-planters. These, like all the other islands, have natural harbours in the exquisite coral reefs which, as a rule, girdle the shore "at a distance of from half a mile to two miles. Within the barrier the water is as smooth as a lake, but the trade winds . . . send the long rollers of the Pacific against the reef, which varies from five feet to thirty feet in width. . . . These reefs do not always encircle the islands, . . . but sometimes stretch out in a direct line from a point for several miles, and there, meeting the ocean billows, make a white wreath of a league of sea.' A long line of

\* "Fiji in 1870: being the letters of 'The (Melbourne) Argus' Special Correspondent." Lockwood and Co., 7, Stationers' Hall Court.

silent ripples is often at first the only indication of the presence of one of these spines of coral and volcanic rock; then the rollers come against them with a sound like a thunderclap, and the waters, broken into milk-white foam, hurry along the side with wonderful impetuosity, like an immense jet of vapour, until, meeting with a greater obstruction, a column is thrown high into the air, and forming an aqueous arch, bursts suddenly into spray. The foam-crests of the reefs can be seen at a considerable distance in the day time, and their unceasing sullen roar gives warning to the mariner of their unwelcome proximity at night." Viti Levu, or Naviti Levu (Great Fiji), is the most populous island of the group. It possesses several fine natural harbours, and its principal river, the Rewa, is navigable for forty miles. Although the coast lands have been purchased by settlers, the mountainous interior has once only been reached by white men, and is still the abode of heathen natives. Ovalau contains Levuka, the commercial capital of the group. The site of the town has many natural disadvantages, and the only reason for its being chosen appears to be that Tui Levuka, the late chief of the district, showed unvarying kindness toward the white population of that settlement. The town consists of one street, the open beach, and is bounded at each end by an abrupt rock, and at the back high volcanic mountain ranges forbid any extension of houses. Ovalau, like other of the islands, is rich in tropical produce. The orange, lemon, and pineapple-tree, the bread-fruit, the tapioca, guava, ginger, turmeric, arrowroot, and croton-oil plants, all grow on its grateful soil. Vanua Levu (the great land) is next in size to Viti Levu.

Some of the rocks on the coast are 4,000 feet high, but the speciality of the island consists in five hot springs, which have a temperature of from 200 to 210 degrees. The natives turn these springs to good account for culinary purposes. The island is divided into three chiefdoms: Thakaudrovi (under the rule of Tui Thakau); Mbau (under Tui Mbau); and Mathuata (under Ritova). Taviuni possesses the principal cotton plantations of the group. Koro is described as being, "probably, the finest and most fertile" of the islands. Totoya (not mentioned in the list of principal islands) seems the most striking in formation. It is, apparently, an extinct crater, circular in form, and six miles in diameter. The basin contains salt water, thirty fathoms deep, and three miles in diameter; it is surrounded by a ridge of mountain peaks which rise 1,200 feet above the level of the sea, and which, on the south, divide to low-water level, forming a passage too narrow to admit a ship, but sufficiently wide to cause an ebb and flow of the tide within the bowl. Mango Island is also probably an extinct crater, though, in this case, the mouth has been converted into a sheltered cotton plantation. The small island of Mbau, which is joined to Viti Levu by a coral reef fordable at low water, is noteworthy as being the residence and political capital of Thakombau, the most influential of the native chiefs, who has received the title of King of Fiji. The description of this remarkable man must be quoted at length; but first some idea of the general inhabitants of his kingdom must be given. Being the darker of the two great Polynesian races, they are of a deep olive tint. Where Tongan inter-marriages have taken place, as in, more particularly, the eastern group, the inhabitants are lighter, but the mountain tribes are sometimes positively black.

Those natives whom the influence of Christianity has not yet reached are cannibals, polygamists, and infanticides. They are described as being devoid of the sense of gratitude, having no word in their language to express thanks. They are, as a rule, cowardly, though where revenge is determined on they willingly sacrifice their lives. Some instances of true courage are on record. Mr. L. Fison, the missionary, has published the life of a convert, Joel, of whom the following story is told. While bathing with a young chief, an enormous shark was seen advancing so rapidly that escape seemed impossible. Without hesitation, Joel thrust his hand and arm down the enemy's throat, who, quite discomfited by so unexpected a reception, slowly retired, leaving his conqueror with life-long scars.

The different native tribes are headed by chiefs greater or lesser, who are a singularly fine race of men, owing, probably, to the fact that only the healthy children among them are allowed to live. Their gait is noble, and Thakombau's father is said to have remarked to Commander Wilkes: "Your men are, no doubt, very good warriors, but they waddle like ducks." The tribes are frequently at war one with another, and the political divisions of the islands vary as frequently as successes or defeats take place. They have no other principle than that might is right. Thakombau, the chief of Mbau, and nominal king of Fiji, "was born about the year 1817. Like his father, Tanoa, he was a ruthless cannibal. He had barely attained his sixth year when his hands were first stained with the blood of his countrymen. At that age a lad, taken prisoner in battle, was brought before him, and he clubbed him to death. In 1832, the chiefs of Mbau, rebelling against their king, Tanoa had to quit his dominions. The young Levu (the name by which Thakombau was called when a child), who was left behind, being considered harmless on account of his youth, while apparently wholly engrossed with the pleasures suited to his years, skilfully intrigued against the usurper, and eventually accomplished the restoration of his father after an exile of five years. The success of this well-planned scheme gained for him the title of Thakombau (evil to Mbau) from the rebel party, and he has ever since been known by that name. It was the ancient custom to have two rulers of equal importance, the Roko Tui (sacred king) and the Vunivalu (root of war). The rank Tanoa and Thakombau held was that of Vunivalu. The introduction of Christianity has destroyed the importance of the Roko Tui, but the title is still retained. When Tanoa died, in 1852, five of his wives were strangled. In July of the following year Thakombau was formally invested with the rank and dignity of Vunivalu of Mbau. The event was celebrated by the sacrifice of eighteen Fijians, who were ready cooked for eating, when, through the exertions of a missionary and Mr. Owen, an Adelaide merchant trading in Fiji, the bodies were given up to the latter for burial, on his threatening to cease all business transactions if the cannibal feast took place. Cannibalism was practised in Mbau until 1854. The Wesleyan missionaries had long been endeavouring to gain over Thakombau to their cause, and on the 30th April in that year, after much vacillation, he took the decisive step, when cannibalism at once ceased. At nine o'clock on the morning of that day, the *lali*, the fearful drum which

had sounded the announcement of a cannibal feast only ten days previously, was beaten for an assemblage to witness the Vunivalu's public renunciation of heathenism. He did not abandon polygamy, however, until three years later. In January, 1857, his many wives were dismissed, and he was married to the favourite, his present wife, according to the Wesleyan formula. It is the custom of the missionaries to withhold the right of baptism from natives living in polygamy, and this obstacle being removed, Thakombau and his wife were publicly baptized on the 11th January."

"In accordance with my request previously made," writes the Rev. Mr. Waterhouse, "the King then addressed the assembly. It must have cost him many a struggle to stand up before his court . . . to confess his former sins. In time past he had considered himself a god, . . . now he humbles himself, and adores his great Creator and merciful Preserver. And what a congregation he had! Husbands whose wives he had dishonoured! widows whose husbands he had slain! sisters whose brothers had been strangled by his orders! A thousand stony hearts heaved with fear and astonishment as Thakombau gave utterance to the following sentiments:—'I have been a bad man. I disturbed the country. The missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity, but I said to them, "I will continue to fight." God has singularly preserved my life. At one time I thought that I had myself been the instrument of my own preservation; but now I know that it was the Lord's doing. I desire to acknowledge him as the only and the true God. I have scourged the world.' He was deeply affected, and spoke with great diffidence."

Thakombau selected Ebenezer as his baptismal name, and his wife that of Lydia. He has since adhered to his profession of religion as far as outward observances are concerned. The moral laws of his kingdom are administered with as much rigour as those for the raising of revenue. The missionaries have taken great pains to instruct their illustrious convert, and he can read the Fijian Bible with tolerable ease.

Thakombau is described as a remarkable-looking man, six feet high, and although rather stout, of an elastic step and kingly bearing. As a heathen, he wore his hair dressed out in a huge wig; but he now wears it cut short, like all Christian natives. His hair, as well as his moustache, is grey. "Thakombau," adds the author, "is free from the vice of intoxication, though he pledged us in Old Tom, and does not object to take two or three glasses of spirits in a day." Spirit-drinking is, unfortunately, carried to great excess among the natives as well as among the lower class of white settlers. Teetotalism is, however, occasionally adhered to, as in the case of Tui Bau, chief of Bau, who (we learn from an interesting letter in the "Illustrated Australian News" of June 17th) with his secretary are total abstainers.

In 1867 a constitution, framed after the model of that of the Sandwich Islands, was adopted, and, as an act of policy, the whites united with the natives in performing the mock ceremony of crowning Thakombau.

The chiefs next in importance to King Thakombau are Maafu, Tui Thakau, and Tui Mbau. Maafu is the legitimate successor to King George of Tonga: the son of a Christian mother, he is a man of superior education compared with many of his countrymen,

and may be said to be the rival of Thakombau in many things.

Tui Nayau, the chief of Lakomba, is one of the celebrities of the islands, as being so aged that no one remembers to have seen him a young man. He has not been able to walk for some years, and says he thinks death has forgotten him.

Of the chiefs the white settlers purchase their plantations. "Every inch of land in Fiji has an owner. The proprietorship rests in families, the heads of families being the representatives of the title. The family land maintains the whole family, and the members maintain the head of the family. A chief holds his lands under precisely the same tenure as head of a family. . . . But the chief is also the head of his tribe, and, as such, certain rights to the whole lands of the tribe appertain to him. . . . From this complicated tenure it is clear that the alienation of land, however large or small the tract, can be made valid only by the collective act of the whole tribe in the persons of the ruling chief and the heads of families."\* In time of war the natives are often glad to sell their land to prevent its falling into the hands of their enemies. Land is not, however, so easily bought as formerly, since the natives are beginning to understand the value of money. The average value of land in Levuka is now eighteen shillings per foot. £700 or £800 appears to be the lowest sum for which a cotton plantation can be bought and established. About 350,000 acres of land are already in the possession of white men, and of these, 275,000 acres are the property of British subjects. Cotton-growing is the chief mode of product; but some sugar and coffee plantations exist in the islands. Cocoa-nut trees abound, and tortoiseshell and wool also form articles of export. "The bêche-de-mer trade, which was formerly carried on with great profit, . . . has almost died off. The fisheries have, in parts, been exhausted, and, owing to the large influx of Europeans, native labour has been directed into more congenial channels. . . . The value of tortoiseshell has fallen greatly, the price in the colonial markets having changed within the last few years from 20s. to 9s. per lb. If the natives would exert themselves, a plentiful supply could be obtained. It does not appear probable that Fiji will ever be a successful wool-growing country, but sheep are, nevertheless, being imported in considerable numbers; and the increase in cattle, which thrive admirably in many parts of the country, has been considerable within the past two years. The item of sundries includes pigs, timber, and fruit, of which very little is exported, the rapidly growing population consuming everything the natives can produce in the way of food, while all the timber grown is required for stores and houses, the demand being vastly in excess of the supply. The cultivation of sugar has not been attempted on a large scale, the absence of any properly constituted government deterring capitalists from embarking in so expensive an enterprise. . . . Mr. George Burt has grown upland rice in Kandavu of excellent quality, and both coffee and rice may be expected shortly to form articles of export, together with indigo, tobacco, vanilla, and many tropical productions to which no attention has yet been given.

"A new industry which has been recently attracting the attention of settlers is the manufacture of

\* Quoted from Mr. Pritchard's book on the Islands.

*coperah*, as the dried kernel of the cocoa-nut is called. This article fetches £8 a ton in Fiji, and a very high price is obtained in the home markets. The oil is expressed from it by machinery in England, and the residuum is used as oil-cake for fattening cattle. . . . The Ramie plant, or Chinese grass, has also been found to grow well in Fiji. There are at present only a few plants in the country, and they are sold at £1 each."

Cotton to the value of £30,975 was exported from Fiji in 1868; the year following, £45,000 was realised; in 1870 the amount was valued at £90,000. Want of labourers is a great obstacle to the success of the cotton-planter, as native labour is not to be depended on, while, on the other hand, white labour is often not to be had. The severe hurricanes, which may be expected during three months of the year, are an unavoidable disadvantage to which the planter is exposed, and which sometimes devastate his whole plantation before any ingathering has been made. In 1869 a tidal wave, as well as a hurricane, did much damage in Nandi Bay. There is no doubt that the absence of any "properly constituted government" is a drawback not only to the greater adventure, but also to the actual protection and facility of the cotton-planter. Native rule is no rule as touching the white man, who is, consequently, absolutely without law. He is truly described as a patriarch, with the power of life and death over his people, trusting the natives, though powerless to defend himself in the case of a combined attack. A peaceful security seems to reign at present, but were a rebellion to take place, horrors worse than those of the Indian mutiny, treachery greater than that of the Jamaica insurrection, would doubtless be perpetrated.

In 1858 Thakombau offered to cede the Fiji Islands to Great Britain, *i.e.*, to convey 200,000 acres of land to Queen Victoria, upon condition that a certain debt of £9,000 hanging over the head of the King should be paid to America. This debt had originated in a demand for 5,001 dols. 38 cents on the part of Mr. J. B. Williams, the American consul, as compensation for the pillaging of his house during an accidental fire in 1849. In 1853, owing to an assault upon a European vessel by the natives of Malaki, and the subsequent vengeance taken on Malaki, the town of Levau, then containing above fifty whites, was fired, and the greater part burned to the ground. This deed was generally ascribed to Thakombau, and the debt of compensation was, in consequence, increased to 30,000 dols., which ultimately amounted to 45,000 dols., "on account of the interference of the English missionaries, who wished to act as counsel for Thakombau." Commander Boutwell was emissary in the affair for the United States, and on board his ship Thakombau was terrified into signing a promise to pay the unjust claim in two years. With reference to the proposed cession to England, Colonel Smythe, R.A., was sent as commissioner. His report was discouraging, and Thakombau's offer was, accordingly, declined. The debt was, at last, paid by the "Polynesian Company," which is now said to be insolvent.

Since this little sketch was begun, an article on the Government of Fiji, from which the following is an extract, has appeared in the "Globe":—"England and America having definitively declined to grant a protectorate, another effort is being made by the European settlers of Fiji to carry out, in some modified form, the constitution granted by Thakombau

some four years ago, when he was publicly crowned by the whites with a diadem made to order by a local carpenter. A ministry has been formed to give effect to this constitution, which is founded on that of the Hawaiian government." "On the 5th June," says the "Fiji Times," "the principal chiefs and the foreign residents were invited by the King to hear a declaration of the policy of the government," and since then a government office has been opened, and official notices and appointments, signed by Sydney Charles Burt, premier, have been issued.

The moral rule of the islands seems to be, practically, in the hands of the Wesleyan missionaries. They have been at work in Fiji for the last five-and-thirty years. As early as 1835 two of their number established themselves in Lakomba, and three years later others penetrated into Rewa. In 1853 Christianity reached Mbau, the year previous to that in which Thakombau, as we have seen, made his public confession. The whole Bible was published in Fijian by the Bible Society in 1864, and is now in the hands of 104,000 natives, this number being two-thirds of the computed population of the islands.

In the early days of the missionary work not a few devoted men fell victims to hunger, exposure, or ill-treatment. Mr. Baker, and five Christian natives who accompanied him, met with a violent death. Mr. Fison and Mr. Langham consider they owe their lives to their knowledge of the native characteristic of indecision. Finding a plan had been laid to murder them, they promptly left the village, and the natives, taken by surprise, could not form other plans quickly enough to overtake them. The native converts are strict sabbatarians. Not finding their own pleasure, nor speaking their own words, the sabbath is to them "a delight, the day of the Lord, honourable." In this, as in other ways, they set an example for good to many of their white neighbours, whose influence, we are told, the missionaries dread much more than that of the acknowledged heathen. Besides the Wesleyans, Roman Catholic emissaries are also at work, but they have not been nearly so successful as the former.

The native population is said to be decreasing, and a comparison in favour of this statement is made with regard to the Australian and other native races. As a people, the Australians have not received the truth; we are told they *cannot*; though a more recent testimony greatly modifies this statement; but with the Fijians the case is different. They now stand forth, headed by their King, a sabbath-keeping, God-fearing people, and they surely have a right to await a blessing "from generation to generation."

Fiji, as well as its people, is a worthy theme of interest. Politically, there is a want of government; but physically, there are advantages seldom to be met with; while socially there is Christian influence and a natural respect for the white man as being teacher and leader. "They who go forth with brave hearts and willing hands to replenish the earth and subdue it, have before them the prospect of those rewards which have already been reaped by the first hardy settlers of New South Wales and Victoria."

The foregoing narrative we have condensed from the valuable papers in the "Melbourn Argus." To those who seek fuller information we strongly commend a volume, "Fiji and the Fijians," by Thomas Williams and John Calvert (Hodder and Stoughton). The history of missionary work in the islands is there fully narrated.



## A MIDLAND TOUR.

VIII.

## THE BLACK COUNTRY: WEST BROMWICH—ROWLEY REGIS.

WHILE at Oldbury, we are almost close to West Bromwich, and hasten to call on a friend there whom we have known only by correspondence, but who kindly drives us round the township, pointing out to us its several public buildings, churches, chapels, mission schools, etc. West Bromwich is certainly an extraordinary place. "You cannot tell where it begins or where it ends. You may walk through two or three miles of houses along the high-road and be all the while in West Bromwich; you may see a clustering village afar off across some fields—still West Bromwich; you may leave the high-road altogether, and strike across to the north-east—again and again West Bromwich." It is founded, in more senses than one, upon coal mines. Forty years ago it was a mere village; though a village, as it would appear, of some antiquity, from the curious old houses to be seen there, and one in particular, called Oak House, which seems the very place for some thrilling tale of bygone times, with all spectral accompaniments, having an antique aspect without, and, within, a great hall, rooms panelled with oak, chimney-pieces carved in arabesque, and long flights of broad stairs, with curiously-wrought balusters, leading to rooms all deserted and decaying. Still, within the last half-century or so West Bromwich was only a village. But the land was for the most part the property of Lord Dartmouth—coal in small quantities had long been found there, and was popularly believed to exist under the old red sandstone—and that nobleman, by the advice of Sir Roderick Murchison, made the costly experiment of searching for it under the lower beds of this stratum, and after seven years' labour, and an outlay of £30,000, discovered, nine hundred feet down, the Ten Yard Coal. At the present time there are forty coal-pits at West Bromwich, and the thick coal has been worked at a depth of four hundred yards. The Sandwell Park estate, so much talked of lately, is a part of Lord Dartmouth's property, separated from the other part only by a "fault;" and the coal-beds—if coal be there, as is likely, and to ascertain which sinkings are now being made by the Sandwell Park Coal Company—will, it is thought, extend right away, under Birmingham, to Coventry. The question is one of unusual interest, for on the answer may depend the future of the Midland capital, and the existence of great towns yet perhaps to be!

Both coal and iron, indeed, are here; and these, and the industries to which they give rise, have transformed West Bromwich from an obscure village into one of the most important townships in the Black Country, a place famous for chains and cables, stoves, grates, fenders, fire-irons, box-irons, coffee mills, bedsteads, and hollow ware. It is divided for registration purposes into north-east and south-west districts. Three railways run through it, and it is traversed by several canals. New streets are rapidly being made, a hospital and infirmary have been established, and a market and a town-hall, with public baths, etc., will soon be completed. More than one of the surrounding towns, including Birmingham itself, are supplied with gas by West Bromwich.

Its population, which in 1861 was 41,795, in 1871 was 47,908. It has numerous places of worship, and the parish church—which was more than 700 years old—has been pulled down, and is being rebuilt. Lay readers and preachers have lately been introduced here under commission from Bishop Selwyn. The Wesleyans are in the majority, however, though it is one of those places where Wesley himself was mobbed on his visit to this neighbourhood. It is estimated that school accommodation exists for at least 8,000 children, but not more than 3,000 attend school. And there is a darker side to the picture.

In a social survey of West Bromwich in 1865, the following remarkable statement appears. "There are in West Bromwich—

|                                                       |            |                                  |            |
|-------------------------------------------------------|------------|----------------------------------|------------|
| 84 public-houses, and 216<br>beer-shops .. .. .       | 800        | Grocers, 140; butchers, 55 ..    | 195        |
| Wine-selling grocers, confectioners, etc. .. .. .     | 10         | Greengrocers, 30; drapers, 41 .. | 80         |
| Dealers in drink (not to be drunk on the premises) .. | 7          | Bakers, flour dealers, etc. ..   | 43         |
| Pawn-shops, dependent on the above .. .. .            | 21         | Shoemakers, 27; hatters, 3 ..    | 30         |
|                                                       | <u>347</u> |                                  | <u>343</u> |

The average amount spent in each tippling-house is £10 a week; in all, £3,000 weekly, or £156,000 a year. To every place of worship, Sunday school, and day school, there are four liquor-shops; and to every preacher and day-school teacher there are more than two liquor-sellers!"

Though the number of beerhouses has been somewhat lessened since 1865, we find that the public-houses have been enlarged, and the wine-selling grocers and confectioners have become more numerous. The sale of liquors is now, moreover, made a leading feature in large establishments; in some cases, one side of the shop is completely taken up with the show. It is a sad tale, but we are bound to tell it, in endeavouring to present a correct picture of the district. We hear of a confectioner who has nice little screens, behind which "ladies," who would scorn to enter a public-house, can take wine without being noticed, and where their servants have the same privilege. But you may see each Saturday evening rows of young girls sitting in these shops without any shame, boldly asking for glasses of rum or port, drinking with their companions, and sometimes challenging each other to spend or drink more. In one small room of a wine-shop about forty persons, more than half of them young women from sixteen to twenty-five, have been witnessed drinking together, while men with blackened faces, engaged for the evening, amused them with "nigger" songs. And in every public-house in the centre of the town may be seen every Saturday evening till midnight crowds of boys and girls, young men and women, old men and women, singing, dancing, smoking, drinking, swearing, fighting! Many of those who earn the most money—£5, £10, £12, or more weekly—have not a crown left three days after they have drawn it, are often in debt, and, while their household goods would not fetch half their week's wages, have to get credit or starve till their next pay-day. Then there is a large theatre, and a great music-hall, both attached

to public-houses, and both drawing crowded audiences. And the lad of ten or twelve years, and the girl of twelve or fourteen, will go as boldly to the bar for liquor, and be served as freely, as the parent. There is yet another inducement to females to drink. In many public-house windows, "A Woman's Death Club" may be seen advertised in large letters, and while seeming encouragement is given to the poor to provide for the time of need, the lion's share falls to the publican in the rent of his room and increase of custom.

Great efforts, however, have been made by the friends of temperance to arrest these terrible evils. Remarkable among such efforts are the "Drunkards' Tea-meetings." The first of these was held in St. George's Hall in June, 1868. On that occasion five hundred of the most abject, dissolute, and drunken of both sexes came together by Invitation Tickets previously issued, all then sober. Many men came without coat, hat, shirt, or shoes—women without gown, shoes, or bonnet—unwashed and uncombed—ragged, wretched, and forlorn. It was indeed a pitiable and a fearful sight. After tea, all but one or two stayed to a public meeting. Sixty-one took the total abstinence pledge that evening, and more than half of them have firmly kept it, while some have become members of Christian churches. The drunkards' ranks, however, are but too well recruited. Several similar meetings have since been held, and in 1871 between five and six hundred sat down to a Free Tea. (Two hundred more came, but had to wait for their tea till next day, though all stayed to the public meeting.) Apparently, all were accustomed to drink, though then sober. Just as the meeting was about to begin, an alarm was given that a lady's watch had been stolen. The president *appealed to the honour of the audience*. In less than five minutes he knew who had the watch, and in less than half an hour it was placed in his hands, and exhibited to the meeting. The total abstinence movement has made good progress in the Black Country generally. The Birmingham and Wolverhampton District Association has twenty-four societies on its printed "plan," and while it represents the greater part of the temperance work in the district, does not include it all, for "many of the societies have each a local 'plan' of their own, containing forty, fifty, or sixty speakers (including clergymen and dissenting ministers), who are constantly engaged in propagating teetotal truth." The conference of the above-named association, which has an annual meeting in May and an annual conference in October or November, was lately held at West Bromwich. On the Sunday before the meeting of the conference, forty-seven temperance sermons and twenty temperance addresses were delivered in the various churches, chapels, and schools of the township. A "British Workman Public-house" has recently been opened, where coffee, etc., is sold, and newspapers, magazines, and games are provided, with accommodation for smoking, at a small charge, under the superintendence of an indefatigable temperance missionary.

How dreary is this tract over which we are now passing! How it makes us think again and again of the scenes—

"Where the hedge-side roses blow,  
Where the little daisies grow,  
Where the winds a-mazing go,  
Where the footpath rusties plod,  
Where the breeze-bowed poplars nod,

Where the old woods worship God,  
Where His pencil paints the sod,  
Where the wedded throstle sings,  
Where the young bird tries his wings,  
Where the wailing plover sings,  
Near the runlet's rushing springs,  
Where, at times, the tempests roar,  
Shaking distant sea and shore!"

And yet even here we have a world of wonders, hidden only from the ignorant or the unthinking. Covered up and shrouded beneath our feet are the glories of the Past! It needs but the exercise of a little imagination, and we are roaming amid islands upon whose waters and about whose reedy margins are seen strange and uncouth forms of animal life, and which are crowded with trees of huge growth and magnificent foliage: lofty lepidodendrons, with their delicate feathery fronds; sigillarias, with their beautiful fluted stems rising to a height of seventy or eighty feet; calamites, with their singular whorled leaves and branches; tree ferns and coniferous plants towering a hundred feet above all!—the vegetation of the Old World, an entirely distinct order from that of the present. We remember that it has been said, "Without Fossil Zoology and Botany there would have been no true Geology."\* We are reminded, too, that there have been counted 1,792 distinct fossil plants, 819 of which pertain to the carboniferous rocks; and that the coal flora of Great Britain alone has 300 species. And though only fragments of these can generally be found, the very fragments are beautiful.

Every here and there the ground is seen sinking, or "crowning in," in consequence of the mining operations beneath. And here is the opening to a mine. By the introduction of our companion we are permitted to descend into it. Slipping on a rough waterproof dress and slouch cap, we enter the "cage," and—hey, presto!—are presently five hundred feet below the surface of the earth. All around us is dark as blackest night, save where here and there a candle glimmers—for there is no fear, it would seem, of explosions in *this* mine. We ourselves have a candle thrust into our hands, and are led by a "butty" carrying another candle, and a "doggy" with a third. On we go, splashing through water and mud,—on through long and narrow passages hewn out of the solid coal, and where dense walls of coal shut us in, while, if at all imaginative, we might fancy the apparently equally solid roof above us (only propped by little baulks of timber) about to descend and crush us. On,—on,—through the thick gloom,—standing aside every now and then to let a truck pass by laden with skips of coal on the way to the bottom of the shaft down which we had ourselves descended. On,—on,—on,—till at length we reach the end of the mine, and see the "hewers" at their work in a half-naked state, some preparing to blast, and the "putters" shovelling into the skips the coal which has already been thrown down. Our time is brief; we talk with the men for a few moments, and learn that the vicar sometimes comes down into the pit to preach to them, and that they have a regular "service" now and then in the dinner-hour. Poor fellows! their life is a hard one. Yet they seem very patient and cheerful. We pity them greatly, but, as they are about to blast, and we have a long distance

\* Balfour. And we may add what Charles Kingsley has said: "It is a question whether Natural History would ever have attained its present honours, had not Geology arisen, to connect every other branch of Natural History with problems as vast and awful as they are captivating to the imagination."

to go back, take leave of them (we shall look more closely into their condition as we go on), and hasten to the shaft. If there be one idea more than another which possesses us, it is that of the earth being one vast mass of inexhaustible riches. But we finish our journey, the signal is given, and—we are again above ground!

One of the largest proprietors of mines in this neighbourhood—a representative man, a man who has risen—is Mr. James Bagnall,\* senior partner in the firm of John Bagnall and Sons, who is also a great ironmaster. Mr. Bagnall is a wealthy and generous employer, giving work to several thousand men, and ever seeking to promote their social, moral, and spiritual welfare; he is, moreover, a great patron of the Fine Arts, has collected many rare and valuable paintings, and besides numerous choice specimens of Cox, Hooper, and others, includes in his collection Ward's famous pictures, "The Last Sleep of Argyle," and "The Death of Montrose."

The first attempt to record the history of West Bromwich was made in a little volume written about 1837 by Mr. Joseph Reeves, an uncle, as we learn, of Mr. Sims Reeves, some of whose relatives are said to be still living here. Hence we learn that West Bromwich derives its name from "*Brom*," or "*Broom*," a shrub that grows plentifully in this neighbourhood; and "*wych*," a dwelling, village, or descent. Many interesting details relative to this place are given in Mr. Reeves's book. He says (and we find him pretty correct), "The soil hereabouts is generally a rich sandy loam, except on the summit of the hills; and it produces good crops of wheat, oats, grass, etc. Even amid the smoke of the collieries, good crops of wheat may be seen growing on the unbroken lands, and also on those that have been broken up, worked out, and reclaimed. Of fruit, there is not much grown; but many of the colliers and workmen have their little gardens, and some of them assiduously cultivate the gooseberry and currant, in the size of which former fruit they take a pride, and they have prize shows. The whole district is naturally pleasant, and in many parts extremely picturesque."

A remarkable character of olden time—one William Parsons—was born at West Bromwich. Mr. Reeves tells us that Parsons when a boy was bound apprentice to a smith, and was so tall that they were obliged to dig a hole in the ground for him to stand in up to his knees while he struck at the anvil. He was afterwards employed as porter to King James I, and was courageous in proportion to his strength, but so good-natured that he scorned to take any advantage of it. Being offended by a man of ordinary stature as he walked London streets, he only took him up and hung him by the waistband of his breeches upon a hook for the amusement of the passengers. He would sometimes, by way of merriment, take up two of the tallest yeomen of the guard and carry them about the guard-chamber, in spite of their resistance!

But our time is gone; so, bidding farewell to our friend, we hasten on our way, take train, and depart.

"All unlovely as an useless skull  
Is man's black workshop in the streeted waste."

The flames from the ironworks we have left behind us are visible from afar. In January, 1872,

\* We regret to hear of Mr. Bagnall's death at the very time this article is passing through the press.

there were sixteen blast furnaces in West Bromwich and Oldbury, eleven of which were then "in blast."

There are many heavily-laden boats, each drawn by one or more horses, to be seen on the canals. We learn that the boatmen are much more civilised than they were; and yet these boats are often the abode of parents and six or seven children. The man drives the horses, and the woman or one of the children steers.

In this neighbourhood is Rowley Regis, whence the Rowley ragstone, so largely used for pavements and roads, is quarried, and where a few years since was carried on a singular and very interesting manufacture of mantel-pieces, slabs, columns, and a variety of similar articles, which were made from the ragstone by melting it, and casting it in its fluid state into moulds. When cast in a film of the utmost possible tenuity, it became a nearly transparent obsidian, or volcanic glass-like substance, which as its thickness was increased assumed successively a pale yellow, yellow, brown, dark brown, and finally an intense black colour; and could be drawn into fine threads and spun. If mixed, while fused, with ordinary coloured glass in a like condition, it became as it cooled a variegated marble-like material, suitable for ornamental building, etc.; or if, when liquefied, it was poured on a metal table, and rolled while plastic, it could be cut with a diamond, and was useful as a substitute for tiles in roofing, admirably withstanding the weather; it could also be polished like plate-glass, and would serve for decorations. But though the raw material was cheap, the intense heat required to melt it, and other expenses attending the manufacture, made it so costly that about three years after the establishment of the works they were discontinued. It was, as we have said, a singular and interesting manufacture. We may add that the various stages in the change of the substance from obsidian to ragstone have been observed by interrupting the process of slow cooling at different times. A few crystals were first formed at considerable distances apart; these gradually increased in numbers and massiveness as the cooling went on, and the original stony structure was at last completely reproduced.

Rowley Regis stands on an eminence; its church may be seen a long way off. It is almost filled with nailers, a class of whom we shall have more to say by-and-by. The population, which in 1861 was 19,785, in 1871 was 23,531. We are told that this place and Netherton monopolise the manufacture of Jews' harps.

Proceeding through a scene assuming more and more the character of a mining district—barren, rugged, upheaved, black, smoky, and abounding in waste land—we presently reach Dudley.

## THE BONES OF KING STEPHEN.

SITTING at the editorial desk one day, a stranger was introduced whose card described him as an *antiquarian*. In confirmation of his calling he bore with him a portfolio of printed clippings and miscellaneous manuscripts, and also a large box of antique curiosities. On learning that these, as well as the mss., were brought for sale as well as exhibition, and finding that the antiquary's stories were too elongated for the busy hours of the day, I was compelled

to curtail his visit, and to request him to make any communication in writing.

Shutting the lid of his box, his parting words were, "I have got here the thigh-bones of King Stephen; at least one femur, the other is at my lodging. Shall I show you?" The thigh-bone of King Stephen rolled up in a newspaper!

"To what base uses may we come, Horatio?" Stephen, the grandson of William the Conqueror. Stephen, the builder or founder of Westminster Hall, broken up and sold piecemeal, like the old Pharaohs for mummy!

I refused to look at the thigh-bone, and the antiquarian walked off with his box. He seemed an honest enthusiast, in appearance something between a sexton, a verger, and a pedlar. It is strange that such a man should be allowed to go at large in possession of the bones and coffins of kings and worthies. In old times he would have been a successful trader in relics of the saints and martyrs. One thigh-bone in those days would have multiplied miraculously, and supplied legs enough for an army of martyrs! This roving antiquarian ought to be apprehended, and put into some post where his talents for digging and talking could be turned to useful account for himself and the public. He would make a fair guide at any of our cathedrals.

My request to have his communication in writing brought the following account of

#### FAVERSHAM ABBEY.

It may not be generally known that Stephen died at Dover Castle, October 28, 1154, and agreeably to his last dying request his body was conveyed to Faversham, and there laid in the same vault and chantry chapel as that which contained the coffin and remains of his good queen Matilda and eldest son Eustace. She, having been a nun at Romsey Abbey, Hampshire, and dying, was buried in the old abbey here at Faversham, which she so much loved, we are told, when living. Her palace is now turned into a green-grocer's shop; the street is still called Court Street; and the house has quite a number of those iron-studded doors, with old-fashioned wooden bolts, curious stringed latches and slides, great capacious fireplace, with old Dutch tiles, and wide enough in the chimney-stack at the back to roast an ox whole. It is panelled throughout with black oaken carved work, representing lilies, vines, etc., and the windows are of the old style, looking out to the east towards the old abbey, which stood a little farther to the south-east in the same street.

The site of the church in which the king was buried is now an orchard, with but three or four aged apple-trees growing therein. The little chapel on the north-east extremity is still traceable in the grass growing short there, and forms a perceptible square, in which was the king's monument, now shown in the parish church at some little distance from the abbey. There is now no tomb, but only a Purbeck square marble raised cenotaph, which was removed from the abbey at the Suppression, when history gives out that the tomb of the king was broken open and his bones turned out on to the abbey floor, whilst the lead of the coffin was sold. The king's bones were then cast into the river or creek which flows close by, up which the flood tide rolls alternately every twenty-four hours. But from a careful inspection of the spot wherein the king's body was taken up, I found, to my surprise,

that there was actually not only a perceptible hollow in the crisp grass, which shows whence the leaden coffin of the king was dug up out of the vault, but there were also a few carved stones, mortar, and glazed tiles, left amongst the *débris* thrown out of the vault at the Suppression in 1539; and that curiosity or clumsiness had actually induced the sacrilegious robbers of the king's tomb to leave the two broken upper halves of the king's thigh-bones, with part of the collar and shoulder-bone, etc., also a piece of the yellow decayed coffin-lid, also a nail or two, behind, sticking in the grass, or in a foot-hole near by, also a piece of his knee-cap, evidently cut by the villains' spades, as also a portion of the king's leaden coffin, which was as large as the palm of my hand, and showed several cuts made by the spade upon it. These precious relics of King Stephen, together with a fragment of the stained glass from the east window, I managed swiftly to secure, to my great satisfaction and delight.

It appears quite evident, from the "History of Faversham," that the queen's coffin and bones, also those of her son, are still lying beneath the ground of the orchard, which is full of grassy hills and hollows, where the pillars and walls of the old abbey stood, so long since demolished, and all but forgotten. The abbey had three aisles, and was, I find by striding it, over eighty yards in length by forty yards in width; and it had a crypt beneath the choir, also a subterranean passage; also a fish-pond, with extensive pastures and park attached. A gold noble was dug up near the old abbey wall a short time ago, some pottery, two or three Roman coins, one of Claudius Caesar, one of William Rufus, and one of Lady Godiva in the Coventry procession, also a handsome silver one of Caesar Augustus, all most excellent ones, in first-rate preservation.

I found a portion of King Stephen's chain, treble-done, steel armour dress, a curious iron Norman twisted hinge, a short Norman table-knife, only four and a half inches in length; also two thin iron monks' plates, part of a Norman black jug, with head of the king gilt, and flowers worked upon it, besides glass of a curious pattern; and also part of an iron hurdle, with chain linked, and a cowhide network seat, of rudest construction, to fasten convicts to when drawn at horses' tails to the gibbet or place of public execution. These two curious barbarous horse-sleds are now lying in the old abbey cartshed, on Mr. Hilton's farm, and were used for the murderers of Thomas Arden in 1538, whom they had barbarously murdered by tying first a towel around his neck, and then cutting his throat with a broad dagger. They then carried the body out of the house, dragged it bleeding, through the garden, over the abbey wall, and cast it into the meadow of the abbey farm, where it was found: and for this they were sentenced to be drawn and then hanged.

About the time of the good Saxon king Egbert, A.D. 812, it was styled "the king's little town of Faversham," and in one of the charters of King Ethelwulf, the father of the immortal Alfred, king of the West Saxons and of Kent, A.D. 839, it is called the "Villa de Faversham." The parish church dates back to King Ethelbert's time, the first Christian king, A.D. 604, twelve hundred years. The present appearance inside is merely early English, but the red brick tiles of British origin outside, as well as history, testify of its great antiquity. Camden and Leland say that King Athelstane held a parliament or meeting of his wise jarls or thanes hereabouts.

After the year 903, in which several statutes and laws were enacted, the Manor of Faversham belonged to the Crown until Stephen's time, when it was granted to William de Ypres, a foreigner, for his faithful services against the Empress Matilda. The king for these services created him Earl of Kent in the seventh year of his reign, and a few years afterwards he resolved to found an abbey here, about the year 1147, on the north-east side of the town.

### WILLIAM COWPER'S NIGHTCAP.



THE late learned Dr. Maitland, Librarian at Lambeth Palace, has a curious appendix in one of his volumes, headed "Cowper's Nightcap." The book is entitled "Eight Essays on Various Subjects," and in the essay on "Sacred Art" he says "the portrait of St. George could be known by his spear and dragon, just as one would say that must be Elizabeth by her ruff, or Cowper by his nightcap." On this nightcap the author says he has some remarks to make too long for a footnote, but worth a separate place in the appendix. The book having probably been in the hands of few of our readers, we reproduce the pleasant and instructive art gossip about the portrait of a poet every incident of whose life will always have a touching interest. After speaking of the picturesque individuality of the Queen's ruff, Dr. Maitland proceeds in very different strain to protest against the conventional portrait of the poet.

The facts are, I believe, that in the summer of the year 1792, Cowper's portrait was painted by an artist whom Mr. Johnson, the excellent and beloved "kinsman" of the poet, had brought from London for that purpose. In a letter to Hayley, dated July 15, Cowper says,—

"Abbot is painting me so true,  
That (trust me) you would stare,  
And hardly know, at the first view,  
If I were here or there."

(Southey, vol. vii. p. 132.)

He adds, "I have sat twice; and the few who have seen his copy of me, are much struck with the resemblance." On the 21st of the same month he writes to Lady Hesketh, "My portrait is nearly finished, an excellent one in my mind, and in the opinion of all who see it, both for drawing and likeness" (*ibid.* p. 135). Again, on the 25th, to Mr. Bull he writes that the painter "has succeeded to admiration. The likeness is so strong, that when my friends enter the room where my picture is, they start, astonished to see me where they know I am not" (*ibid.* p. 137). Of course Cowper was too wise a man to have quoted this as a proof that the picture was an accurate likeness; and it seems worth while to explain it by saying that he probably had in his mind the fact that a lady (the wife of a gentleman whom I knew very intimately) had been shown into a room where the newly-painted, unframed picture, representing the poet in a sitting posture, was placed upright on a chair, and had made her courtesy before she found out her mistake. At the same time, though such a circumstance might not be any proof, it is quite certain that the picture was a good likeness; and such, indeed, independently of all testimony, I think all who have seen it must believe it to be.

A week after the letter to Mr. Bull was written, Cowper set out on a visit to Mr. Hayley at Earham; and from thence, on the 14th of August, he wrote to Mr. Rose, "Romney is here" (*ibid.* p. 143); and on the 26th of the same month to Lady Hesketh, "Romney has drawn me in crayons, and in the opinion of all here with his best hand, and with the most exact resemblance possible" (*ibid.* p. 148).

Thus the two pictures came into existence just about the same time; but certainly as unlike twins as two pictures, both by able artists, and professedly representing the same person at the same age, could be. The reader is, of course, familiar with the engravings of Romney's nightcap sketch; if not, he may find one prefixed to the first volume of Southey's edition of the Life and Works of Cowper. Abbot's picture (a gentleman in a wig, with a pen in one hand, while the other rests on his interleaved Homer, lying open on a writing-desk) he will easily dissect out of the group which is placed as a frontispiece to the seventh volume of the same work.

How soon, or by whom, Romney's sketch was engraved, I do not know; but long afterwards, indeed, when the two pictures were nearly thirty years old, and Mr. Johnson had informed me of his intention to publish some newly-discovered letters, I strongly urged him to have Abbot's picture engraved. His reluctance seemed to arise chiefly from an impression that though Abbot had most faithfully given the man, Romney had done most justice to the poet—that Romney was himself a man of genius, who recognised and knew how to seize on the happy moment of excitement, when genius beamed in the eye and ennobled the features of another—while Abbot, "a sober, quiet man" (Cowper to Hayley, vol. vii. p. 134), had only drawn, though with exquisite precision, a man and a scene as "sober and quiet" as himself—had, in fact, just given us Mr. Cowper, and his book, and his desk, and his table, all

portraits, just as he sat and looked every day at his task of translating Homer—except that, perhaps, he did not every day wear the green coat and buff waistcoat, etc., which formed an archery uniform, put on originally (and I presume on this occasion too) in compliment to the Throckmorton family.

I urged in reply that, supposing all this, it was not sufficient for strangers, and for posterity, to have no other likeness of such a man than a slight sketch of him as he looked in some moment of sudden inspiration—that those who valued his works, and respected his character, would be gratified, and might naturally and justly desire, to see the poet portrayed in a way more descriptive of his usual appearance, and more like the appearance of other people—and that as the picture was there, and the occasion offered, it was a pity not to use it. Probably I said more; but one thing I did not insist on as strongly as I should have done to anyone wholly unconnected with the poet. I said little, if anything, of the strong impression which I felt that the man of genius (if Romney was one, a point on which I have no opinion whatever) had not fully comprehended and entered into the character of his subject; and that his dashing crayon had not noted the history written in the very remarkable countenance before him, and faithfully recorded by the unpretending, truthful, probably unconscious, pencil of the “sober, quiet” artist. I do not speak with reference to the great malady with which Cowper was at times, perhaps more or less at all times, afflicted; but of the various traits which those who have studied his works and character would expect to find expressed in his countenance and transferred to his portrait. This, however, is a question which I should like to see discussed by those who are better judges of art than myself.

I do not pretend to say that the poet's kinsman was convinced by my arguments; but perhaps I led him to think of the matter and consult others. In fact, however, when the “Private Correspondence” came out in two volumes octavo, the frontispiece of the first volume was for some reason or other an engraving of Abbot's picture. Far as it was, in my idea, from doing justice to the original, I was rejoiced to see it; and I began to hope that in the contest of *Wig v. Nightcap* the plaintiff's case was not so entirely hopeless as I had feared. But the nightcap was in possession, and not easily to be ejected; and when Southey came down upon us with an unlooked-for mass of evidence, we of the wig party felt that we were altogether put out of court. I did not know what delusion I might have been under. In my simplicity I had always supposed that the cap was only such an one as wig-wearers are wont to use, and that it was a whim of the artist to sketch his subject in that occasional, uncompany costume; but when I saw Southey's graphic witness I began to consider what evidence there was that Cowper was not born in a cap, or that he had ever worn a hat? For though this latter point, as I shall have occasion to observe, is admitted by the other side, I should scorn to take advantage of their conceding what they would probably find it hard to prove. We know that the poet was “velvet capped” at the earliest period of which we know anything—when he was drawn to school in his “bauble coach;” and I will at once admit that a person who wore a nightcap at such times and places as Southey's pictures vouch for, may be fairly presumed to have

worn it, and nothing else, from time to time and at all times. In this nightcap we find him taking the air in the chesnut avenue, which Benevolus had spared him (frontispiece to vol. iii.);—the white cap, too, is the bright spot in the “View of Olney from the Alcove, in Weston Park” (vignette of vol. vi.);—ten years before Romney made his sketch, we find the nightcap at a picnic party in the Spinney; taking, that is, a seven hours' ramble in the woods (frontispiece of vol. iv.; see p. 115);—and at Earham, while Hayley's visitor, the poet is escorting two ladies in the grounds, wearing the same inevitable cap, and further adorned with a sloppy dressing-gown which he is obliged to hold up that it may not dragglo (frontispiece of vol. x). But the gem of the nightcap gallery is the vignette of vol. viii., entitled, “Olney from the Poplar Field.” The poet, though professing to know, as “our fathers knew, the value of a screen from sultry suns,”—though “the poplars are felled,” and he laments “the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade,” yet he will have no other shade, but sits on the tree in his nightcap, though there is a sort of “portable solitude” in the shape of a broad-brimmed hat within his reach. Yet he was sufficiently aware of the usages of society to say, “we bear our shades about us, self-deprived of other screen;” a fact which a man who had only once travelled from Olney to Earham could scarcely fail to have learned, though for reasons of his own he might incessantly wear a shadeless cap. However, in this picture the artist seems to have felt some sort of compunction, and having placed the poet on the poplar in his nightcap, with his legs outstretched, and his chin resting on his cane, perhaps he bethought him that a gentleman of Cowper's age thus sitting on a poplar all alone, in an open field, might on some ground or other, of hail, rain, or shine, use a hat if it came in his way. Accordingly, he has placed on the ground by his side a conspicuous hat as large as a dripping-pan; and with thoughtful delicacy he has set it crown uppermost, to meet the notion which must inevitably arise in the mind of the spectator, that the head-swathed, staff-supported wretch before him is a diseased, wayside beggar.

I suspect, moreover, that this nightcap has been the parent of the trailing dressing-gown already mentioned. It has perhaps puzzled artists who have had to supply dress and decoration for a full-length figure. Of course something in the large wrapper way was safest and least trouble. Accordingly, at the picnic, the bard is buttoned up in a great coat, though it was just about the middle of the dog-days. In his chesnut-avenue ramble he is girt up in some sort of wrapper which makes him look much more like a bundle of rags tied round the middle, than a gentleman of the Inner Temple.

After considering all this, however, it occurred to me that some of these things might perhaps be only fancies of the artist; that for some reason inscrutable to me, he had felt that he must “deviate from vulgar and strict historical truth in pursuing the grandeur of his design;” and this recollection of Sir Joshua Reynolds brought to my mind an anecdote which Northcote relates respecting him and Dr. Johnson. If I had recollected it at the proper time I should have put it into the Essay to which this Note refers. It shows in a curious manner how men may make a little exception, and be a shade better or worse than their principles,

when it happens that the case is their own. "In 1775," says Northcote, "Sir Joshua painted that portrait of his friend Johnson, which represents him as reading and near-sighted. This was very displeasing to the doctor, who, when he saw it, reproved Sir Joshua for painting him in that manner and attitude, saying, 'It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man.' But on the contrary, Sir Joshua esteemed it [like the lameness of Agesilaus] as a circumstance in nature to be remarked, as characterising the person represented, and therefore as giving additional value to the portrait (Johnsoniana, part xxi., No. 484, appended to Croker's edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson)."

## Varieties.

**PUBLIC-HOUSES.**—The following testimony from the Rev. F. O. Morris, of Nunburnholme Rectory, Yorkshire, is valuable as bearing on the licensing question:—"Before I was given this rectory by the late Archbishop of York, which was in the year 1854, there had been a public-house in the parish, but it had previously been closed, and there has been none ever since. This, moreover, is one of four adjoining parishes in which there is neither public-house nor beershop, and I may say that a greater blessing to the people and boon to the parson there neither is nor can be imagined. Since the year named above I have never but once that I remember seen an intoxicated person in the village, and that one was in consequence of drink in the hayfield, the weather hot, the work hard, and the liquor, I much misdoubt, none of the most unadulterated. At the same time he was a person who, I believe, was not always a strictly sober man. He has long since left the parish. Besides him, there are two men who break out now and then, when they have the chance, and one who has done so, but I hope is now reformed. I have heard of another; but these are all that I have ever seen or known distinctly of. As to the other three surrounding parishes, I have every reason to believe that their case is to the full the same. One individual in one of them was the only instance of the kind I have ever heard of in any of them, and he certainly used to get spirits to drink at home, and shortened his days thereby. We are four miles from the nearest town."

**SEWER GAS IN HOUSES.**—The prevalence of typhoid fever in London has caused much public discussion as to the badly arranged sewerage in houses. The sum of what the alarmed householder has to do is to satisfy himself that the overflow of typhoid-breeding gas from the sewers is not let directly and unobstructedly into his house, but that it is allowed some more easy way of escape into the open air, where it may be diluted and dispersed. As to the cost of the chief remedies a surveyor says:—"1. Ventilation of the sewer by air-pipe to rise above eaves of roof should be about £3; 2, common siphon inserted in drain or soil pipe, including labour (the principal item), about £2 10s.; 3, disconnection of waste water-pipes, etc., from direct connection with sewers, in each case about £3.—Total cost, £8 10s."

**PUBLIC-HOUSE PROPERTY.**—Just as property let for a public-house was increased in value, the value of contiguous properties was deteriorated. It was gross injustice to allow one man to benefit himself at the expense of his neighbours. To illustrate his meaning and show the working of the thing, he mentioned that in 1865 there was a house converted into a licensed house. He did not mention the house, as he did not want to single it out, except as illustrating the view he took of the case, because he happened to know the facts on authority. This house was let for £92 before it became a public-house; after it was licensed it let at £120. The landlord gained £28 by the move. But the rents of three self-contained houses contiguous fell—one of them £15, another £15, another £20. These three houses fell £50 in rent, while this one house rose £28. But besides that, within three years each of these houses stood empty for a whole year, and the loss of rent was £270 of capital to the owners of these houses, and £50 of a loss in perpetuity, in order that the owner of one house might gain £28 a year. He appealed to the common sense of mankind whether that was just? Why should the people in the neighbourhood not have the right to say by

vote—by a mere majority—that they would not allow a house to be erected in that place which would destroy their property? To that extent he went for the Permissive Bill, and beyond it; but he did not go so far as to call a meeting of the inhabitants of any town to vote by two-thirds of a majority that all the public-houses must be shut up forthwith. Sometimes people preached doctrines which they did not practise. He held a strong view, on the principle he had mentioned, about the deterioration of property, and he had put it in practice in a small way. He had to do with a feu of about fifty acres of land, and he had got a clause put into the feu-charters that if any public-house were opened on that land, the person who did so, under the violation of his contract, would forfeit his whole property. The effect of that would be that in the course of a few years they would likely find a suburb of Edinburgh, extending over fifty acres, without a single licensed house in it.—*Mr. Duncan McLaren, M.P.*

**CONVERSATION IN ENGLAND AND IN FRANCE.**—So far as I can judge, the English do not know how to amuse themselves by means of conversation. A Frenchman accounts the happiest moment of his life the period after supper in the private society of well-educated and intelligent men. The brains of all present are then in a state of agitation and effervescence. They converse and think in unison about the same exalted subjects, skipping from one to another in short, pithy phrases, and their general ideas, briskly launched, flutter like a swarm of insects. In the space of two hours the untrammelled talk has made the tour of the globe. Each one contributes a condensation of his thoughts in a jesting or serious style, with exaggeration, a dash of paradox and play of fancy, without meaning his sallies to be literally interpreted, and seeking anything else than a relaxation for his mind. Philosophy, science, morals, art, literature, all the treasures of the human intellect, are there handled, not in heavy ingots, or in large sacks, but in pretty portable golden coins, beautifully engraved, and sparkling and jingling with a cheerful clink, as they are lightly manipulated by delicate fingers. It seems to be that these coins are rare in England, and that, in addition, they are not current. They are regarded as too thin; their alloy gives rise to suspicions. Far more readiness is shown in handling the rough and ponderous metal of which I have already spoken. The conversation indulged in is chiefly instructive; most frequently there is no conversation at all. Several inconveniences arise from this, and tedium is one of them; the mind wants entertainment. In Italy there are the opera and love-making, in Germany philosophy and music, in France the intellectual fireworks just described. Here, nothing is to be found except conscientious labour and useful production, assured and agreeable comfort. Happiness is not complete, however, when one enjoys a fine carriage, a well-appointed house, regular occupation, a seat in Parliament, and the prospect of a seat in Paradise: for amid all these good things there are times when one yawns and feels depressed. Then the luggage is got ready, one steps on board a steamer, and proceeds in quest of change, of something to distract one's thoughts, of a glimpse of the sun.—*M. Taine's Notes on England.*

**LEG OF MUTTON.**—An English gentleman wishing to know exactly what was the loss in cooking, and what the proportion of solid food in an ordinary joint, had a leg of mutton weighed as it came from the butcher's shop, weighed again when cooked, and then the meat pared off and weighed. Before roasting, the leg of mutton weighed 9lb. 10oz.; after roasting, 6lb. 12oz.; weight of cooked meat, 4lb. 13oz.; weight of bone, 1lb. 15oz.; of gravy, 10oz. In paying for a leg of mutton at 9½d. a pound, our slice of cooked mutton costs us at the rate of at least eighteenpence a pound! Australian mutton cooked and without bone can be bought for half this price.

**SERGEANT MURPHY.**—Murphy (recently made a serjeant), a man of boisterous manners, and very fond of sparring with Warren, who had recently written his clever work, called "Ten Thousand a Year." One day at table he called out, "Warren, I never had patience to finish that book of yours, but do tell me what became of Gammon?" Warren seemed not to hear him, and did not answer the question. It was repeated, "Do tell me what was the end of Gammon." Warren then answered, "Oh! they made him a serjeant, and he was never heard of after." A most severe and well-deserved hit at Murphy, whose business had declined ever since he took the coif.—*Recollections of John Adolphus.*

**ADVICE TOO SIMPLE TO BE APPRECIATED.**—"Let the trades unionists give themselves to the cultivation of harmony between employers and employed, cultivating sobriety and thrift, and they will be the happiest community in the world."—*Mr. Mundella, M.P.*